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Saturday Review

January 17, 1970 50¢

Is Main Street Still There?

by Peter Schrag

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Toast the Mayflower in cider at Dartmouth, see what the Pilgrim Fathers last saw 350 years ago, visit King Arthur's castle – all in one day of your fortnight in Britain.

History seems to have stood still in Dartmouth, Devon—especially as you walk past houses built in 1585, and still lived in. It looks very much as it did when the Pilgrim Fathers brought the limping Speedwell here in a vain attempt to repair her hull.

History *has* stood still when you look to sea. The view of the two castles and the cliffs across the bay is exactly as it was 350 years ago when the Mayflower and the still leaking Speedwell set sail for "Start Bay" just down the coast.

The Pilgrims' last stop

The Pilgrims' last stop before the Atlantic was Plymouth, where they said of their stay that they "were courteously used by divers friends there dwelling". The people here are your friends still — come this anniversary year of 1970 and celebrate 1620 with them. Drink to the Mayflower in heady Devon cider while you enjoy a firm-fleshed local lobster and relax in an old inn.

Celebrations! Celebrations!

This year visit all the other places in Britain associated with the Pilgrims.

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Continued from previous column.

Join in the celebrations! See the original homes of the "first Americans" at Austerfield and Scrooby; the places where they worshipped in Babworth and Gainsborough; Boston where they were imprisoned; Southwark in London where the Mayflower was moored, and Southampton from which she originally planned to sail.

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◀ *Dartmouth Castle on the right (built between 1388 and 1493), on the left, Kingswear Castle. This view hasn't changed in 350 years, since the Pilgrim Fathers were here.*

See your travel agent for full information on a variety of tours and for reservations. Also mail the coupon below for our free color booklet.

Mayflower '70: The Pilgrims sailed in 1620—it's time you came back for a visit after 350 years.

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by Peter Schrag

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Tip of the Tongue

I'VE BEEN sitting here trying to remember the subject I had chosen for this space. It was all planned in my mind earlier this morning—like five minutes ago, before that phone call. Now neither I nor this stupid typewriter can recall it.

I vaguely think it was about television. I know it was not about violence on TV, because it's generally agreed that the impact of TV on violence has been unacceptably high—what with all that shooting and destruction and all those bodies lying around. And that's only the evening newscasts.

No, it wasn't the impact of TV on violence. Although it could more aptly have been, in my case, the other way around—the impact of violence on TV. Every time the color on my set goes out of whack, I have to get up and pound my fist violently on top of it to turn a gangrene green into a bloody red. And then with a karate chop to the fine tuning dial, I blend the two into a normal magenta.

That's a small price to pay for nome entertainment. Much smaller than the price I'd have to pay a repair man to tell me the set has to go to the hospital. That wouldn't cost anything because my set is old enough for Medicare (many a night Kukla, Fran, and Ollie still show up on it). So I spend evenings banging away at my color, lustily singing the viewers' battle hymn, "Somewhere Over the Rainbow."

Although that's not the subject I'm trying to recall for this piece, it's a true picture of my world and you're welcome to it. Which reminds me that readers have written to thank me for turning them on to a new program called *My World and Welcome to It*. And if you missed the installment of December 15, in which the cartoonist father bought his little daughter an unusual Christmas gift—an American flag—you missed the most rewarding half-hour situation comedy of the season.

If the TV Academy of Arts and Sciences wants to get back into viewers' graces, it should award an Emmy to Laurence Marks, who wrote the program; three Emmies to the cast, William Windom, Joan Hotchkis, and Lisa Gerritsen; another Emmy to Sheldon Leonard, who produced it, more than making up for his late and unlamented *My Friend Tony*; and a special plaque to NBC for keeping the program on the tube despite its modest rating, which shows it a bad second opposite *Gunsmoke*.

In television nothing succeeds like mediocrity. According to the ratings, *Gunsmoke* is getting a loaded rifleful of 40 per cent of the viewers. *My World and Welcome to It* gets a soupçon of intellectual 28 per cent. A 28 share of audience is not quite a passing mark for a network to renew a program; the acceptable grade being 30 per cent.

Gunsmoke has already been renewed for the next season, its sixteenth renewal. I don't resent viewers' favoring *Gunsmoke*, just so the network leaves a crumb or two for my little vocal minority group of 28 per cent.

Federal Communications Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, my favorite appointee to that office, has remarked, "What we don't see on TV is what hurts us most."

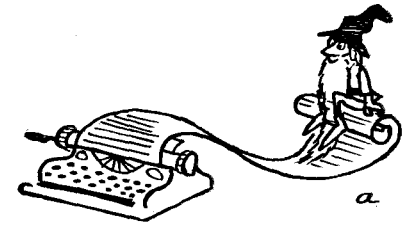
So if 2 per cent more of us don't start seeing *My World and Welcome to It*, we'll be hurt when someday one of those run-of-the-chaff programs about a widower or a widow with a couple of children, along with the ever barking dog, replaces *My World*. And you're welcome to what those typical programs turn out to be. With the exception of the Doris Day show, which has a secret ingredient—Doris Day.

No, Doris Day is not the subject I had in mind. She's only in my dreams. But only on one of my better nights. Usually I wake up out of a dream screaming, "It's different from, not different than." Would you believe thirty-eight letters came in just for that?

Excuse me a moment. . . .

isn't that something? The capital "i" on this ridiculous typewriter suddenly stopped working. i can get the lower case, but not the upper. This is definitely not my day. i can't remember that ever happening before. You dumdum oaf of a typewriter, not only can't you recall the subject for this week, you can't even remember it's "different from" not "than."

Out of space and still no inkling of the subject. i had it on the tip of my tongue. Which obviously is a million light years from the top of my head.



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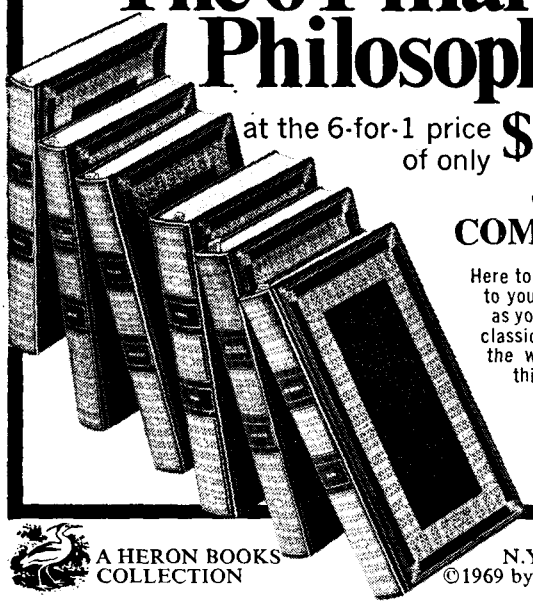

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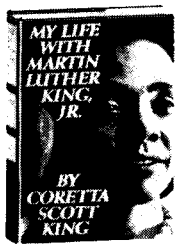

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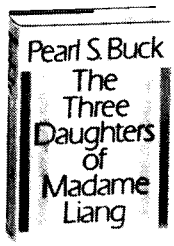

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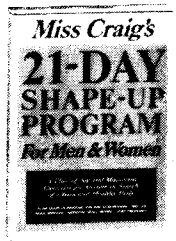

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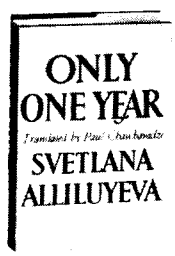

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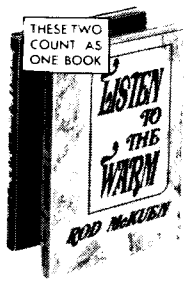

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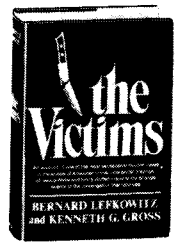

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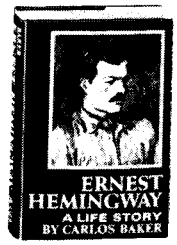

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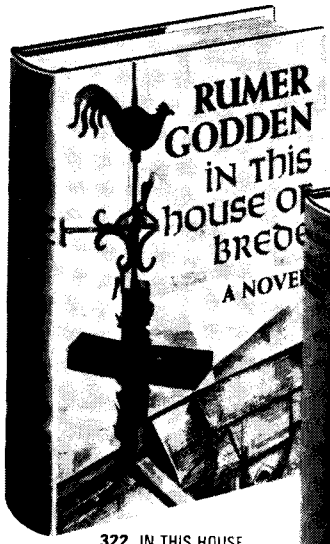

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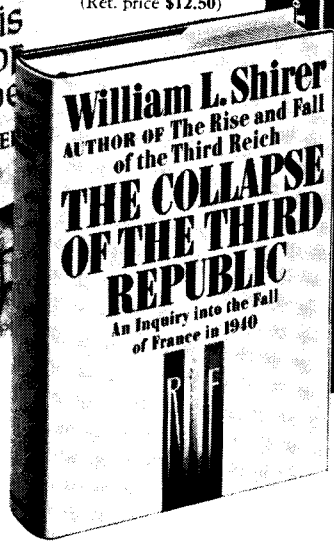
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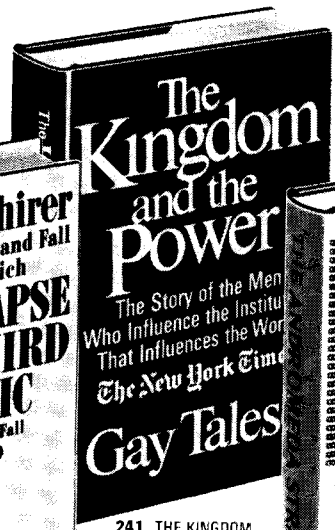
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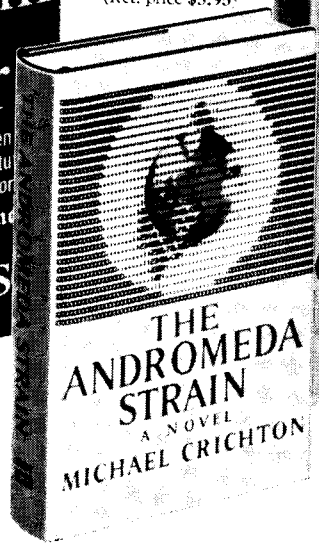

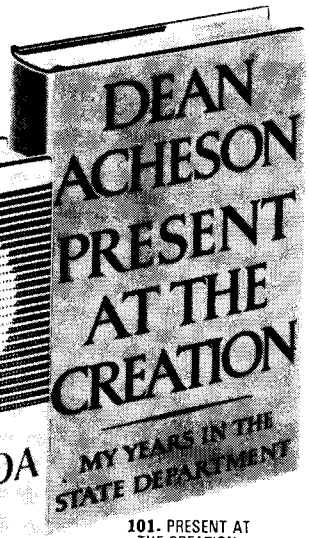

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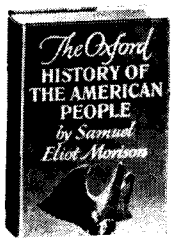

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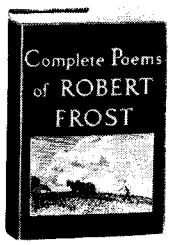

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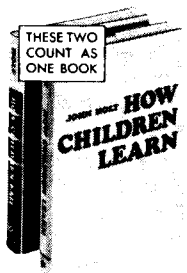

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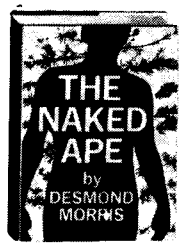

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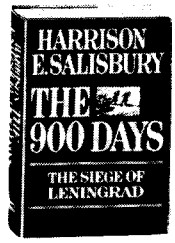

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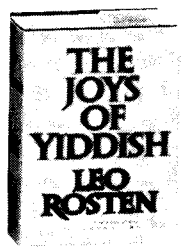

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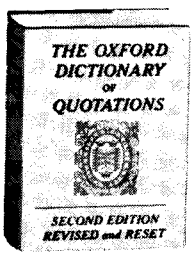

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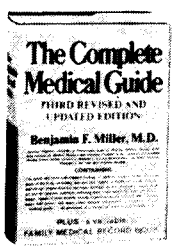

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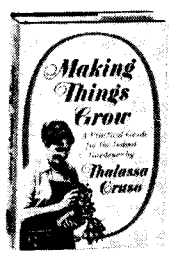

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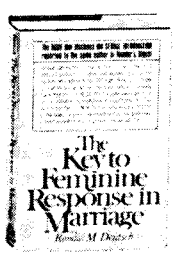

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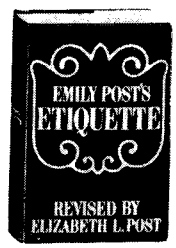

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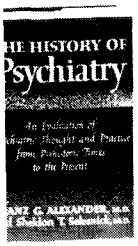

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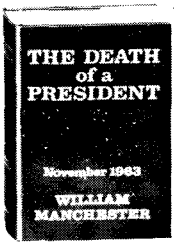

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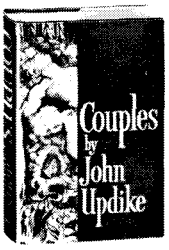

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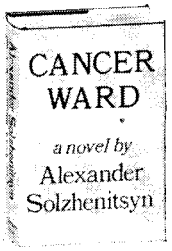

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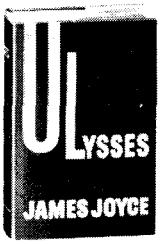

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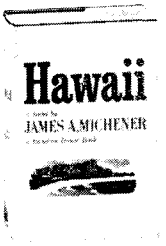

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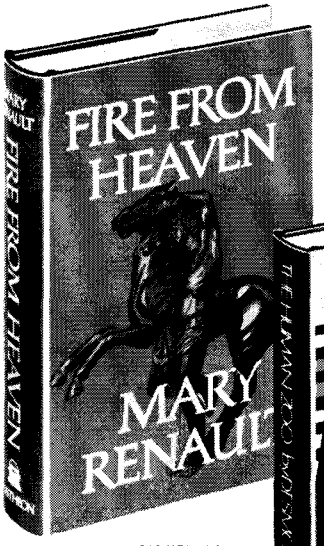

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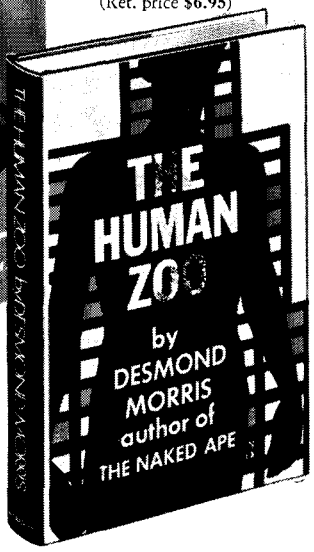

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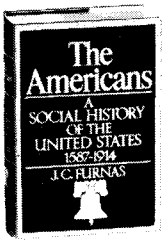

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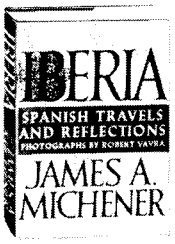

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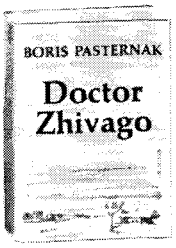

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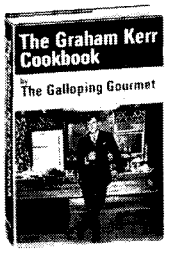

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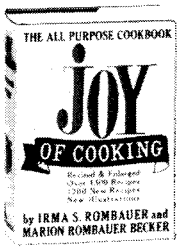

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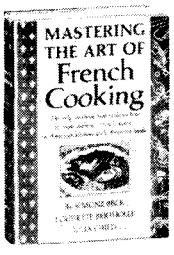

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—E. V. GIRAND.

Beowulf's Hang-Up

"Was Beowulf married?" she asked me.

"What?" I asked, already noticing the tremble in my voice.

"Was Beowulf married?" she repeated—Miss Le Page, a student in my survey of English literature seminar.

I could tell it was going to be another one of those semesters. The year before Miss LePage had been in both semesters of my freshman English classes, and hardly a day had passed when I didn't live in perpetual fear of her unorthodox questions. Once she'd written a paper on self-abuse in Ellison's *Invisible Man*, and during the second semester another on "Rip Van Winkle," claiming he was impotent—using as her chief evidence the fact that Rip's gun didn't work.

Now it was another year, another semester, and Miss LePage was a sophomore, sitting in that chair at the other end of the table—back to haunt me for a second year. After fighting all summer to teach the one section of the English literature survey by discussion instead of lecture, who shows up but Clara LePage? And here it was only the second class. I mean it's pretty difficult to teach the English lit survey without beginning with *Beowulf*. Already my mind was wondering what she'd do the next week with *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. I started to light a cigarette.

"Was he?" It was the third time she had asked her question.

"I don't think so," I replied, nearly burning my fingers with the match. "It's difficult to tell. No, I guess not. The textual evidence. . . ."

"That's what I thought," she replied, as I managed to get my cigarette lit.

"Does it matter?" I asked her, trying to pass off her question as a trivial point, hoping she had nothing else to add, yet also knowing that whatever she'd dreamed up in her head would probably ruin discussion for the rest of the period.

"Haven't you ever thought about it before?" looking at the eleven other students, yet clearly aiming her question at me. She had managed to get the attention of the rest of the students, whose names I had not yet learned, and whose personalities were clearly such that they were not going to say a word before they had heard what else Miss LePage had to say.

"Okay," I answered her, thinking the frontal approach would be the least painful. "What's the reason Beowulf never married?"

"Well," she started in what I assumed was her most serious tone, "I don't know if this is the only reason, but it's fairly obvious after reading the poem that he's a homosexual."

No noise. No giggles. Nothing. They were immune. The eleven other students sat there in their blobbish collectiveness. There was nothing for me to do but ask Miss LePage the logical question.

"How can you tell? How do you know?" I said, conscious that my voice showed that I was not keeping my cool—as the students call it.

"Well, certainly if from nothing else, just about by everything he does. I mean, haven't you ever paid any attention to the little things he's always doing throughout the whole story?"

"I guess I haven't, Miss LePage," I confessed, exhaling smoke from my mouth. "Like what?"

"Oh, you know, like always going around hugging everyone—I mean all the other males in the story."

"You're being absurd," I told her, feeling the blood rush to my face.

"I'm serious. You're just not very observant," she continued, almost as if I hadn't said anything. "Didn't you ever notice that, when Beowulf kills someone, he does it by hugging him to death? That he's always got to have his arms around some other male?"

One of the other students was nodding his head—a little as if someone was controlling it by a string from up above. I thought he was going to say something, but he didn't. My eyes went back to Miss LePage.

"Can you imagine anything so stupid as getting undressed when he knows he's going to have to fight Grendel? I mean, after all, Heorot Hall isn't exact-

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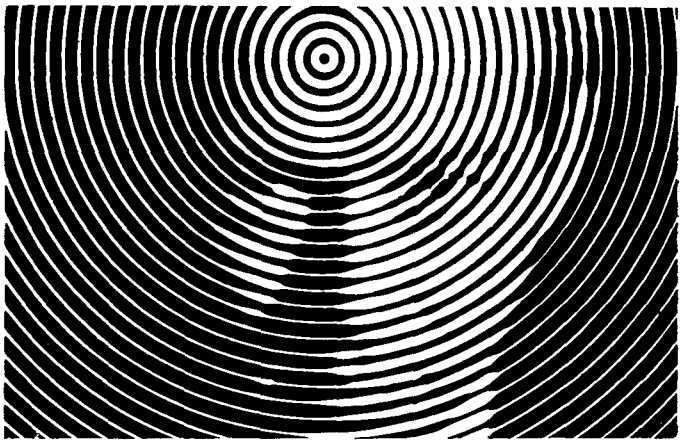

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ly the safest place to spend a night—and yet the first thing Beowulf does when he gets there is take his clothes off. The text says, if I may read it for you. . . ."

I nodded my head.

" 'He stripped off his shirt, his helmet, his sword/Hammered from the hardest iron, and handed/All his weapons and armor to a servant.' Don't you think that's fairly clear?"

"But he knew his strength," I told her. "He was going to crush Grendel to death." I put my cigarette out in an empty coffee cup.

"Then why doesn't he do the same thing with Grendel's mother?" she asked. "When he goes off to kill her, he's decked out in all the armor he can find. He doesn't fight her all stripped down like that—he's afraid to touch a female."

I lit another cigarette. There didn't seem to be much else I could do.

"He's simply got a thing for males. He's always swimming naked with other young men—like Breca, for instance. And a passion for hugging them. If you remember, that's the way he kills the dragon too."

"Was it a male dragon?" I asked her. Someone in the room snickered, but I couldn't tell who it was. My eyes felt a little as if they had lost their sensitivity to light. The students had lost their identities, except for Miss LePage. I released a sigh of cigarette smoke, wondering how I'd ever get the discussion back to normality.

"So what's your point?" I finally asked her.

"Well, I think it's pretty clear. Beowulf was homosexual—and if you look at the poem that way the whole meaning's changed. He's not the one you're supposed to sympathize with."

"Who then, Grendel?" I asked, continuing the dialogue to its illogical end.

"Grendel's mother. Who else? That's the one we're supposed to feel sorry for. Grendel was an only child. His poor mother. What really bothers Beowulf—and the reason he puts all that stuff on before he goes to fight her—is that a female has come to revenge Grendel's death. It's too humiliating. If it had been Grendel's father instead. . . ."

"Grendel doesn't have a father," I told her, almost at the end of my patience.

"How do you know?"

"There's no textual evidence," I replied, knowing I was pulling punches with her.

"There isn't any textual evidence that he doesn't either," she replied.

"Anything else you've got on your mind now that you've ruined the poem?" I asked her.

"Just one thing."

"What?"

"I think it's fairly clear from the end of the tale—Beowulf's lack of masculinity."

"How?"

"Well, usually when a hero in an epic does some sort of great, heroic deed, he's given a boon, isn't he?"

"*He is*," I answered her, "all that treasure—or did you forget?"

"That's exactly my point. It should have been a woman. Why didn't Hrothgar give Beowulf a wife for killing Grendel, if he was such a brave young man? He knew he was queer."

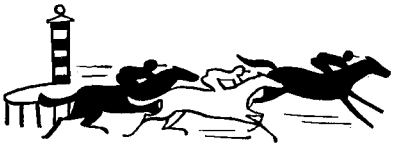
"So instead he lives happily ever ever—childless," I replied with a little too obvious a sneer.

"Hrothgar know's what's going on. That's why he sends him away. You think he wants someone around his court who's a fetishist?"

"A fetishist?" I asked her, wondering what she was talking about. "Whatever are you referring to?"

"The arm," she replied. "Grendel's arm—didn't you see how Beowulf tried to keep it?"

—CHARLES R. LARSON.



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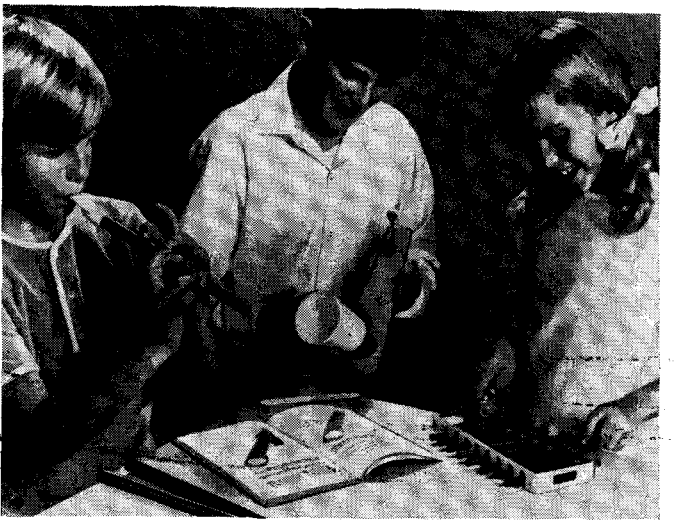

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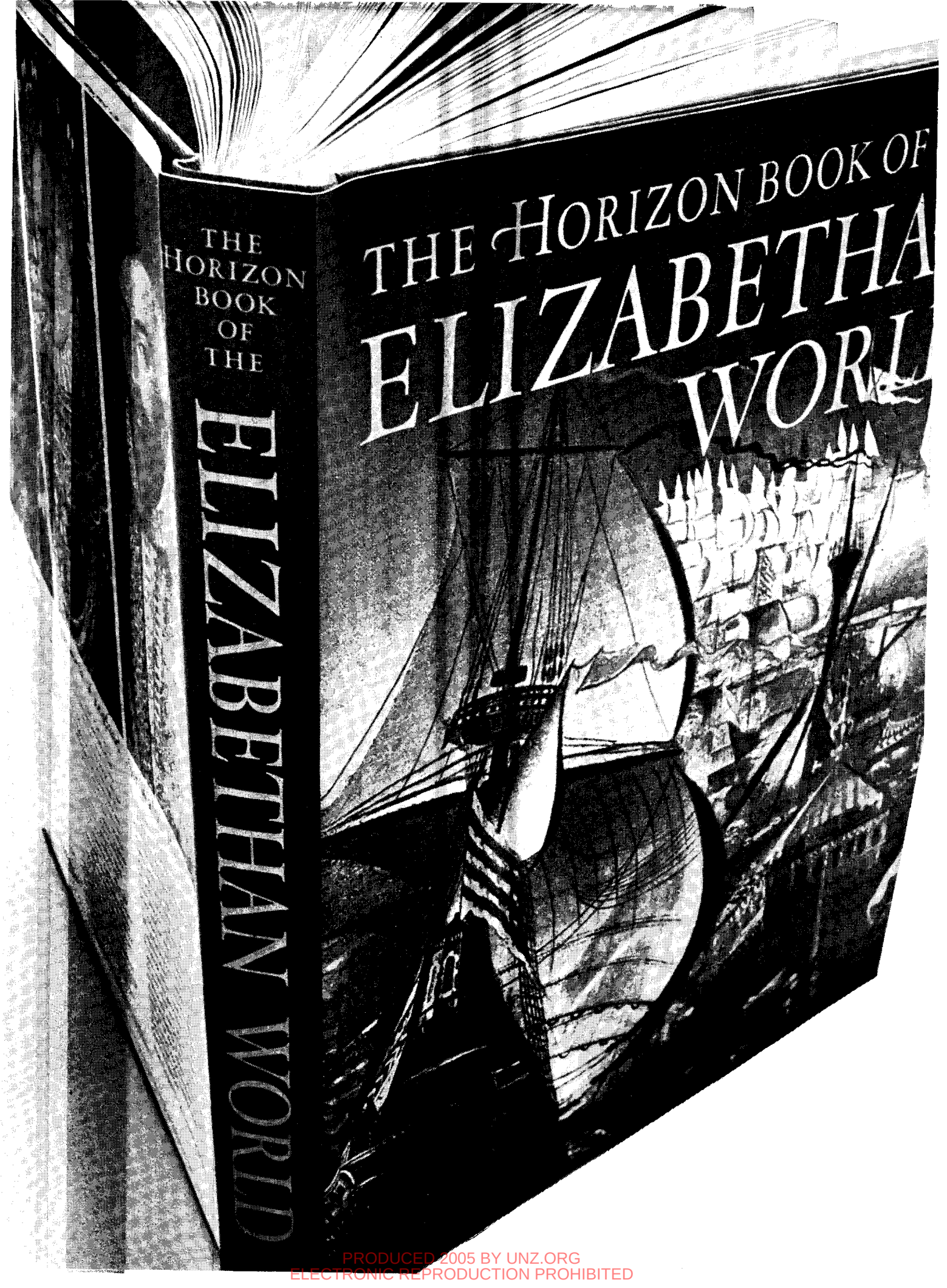

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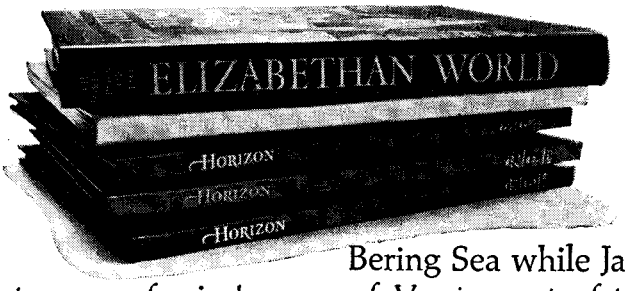

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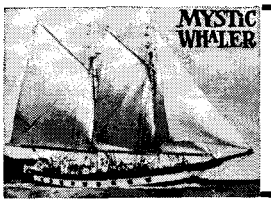

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

There was no yuletide confusion in the minds of the Yankee journalists of the Barre (Vermont) *Times-Argus*. Describing a sacred concert on December 1, when the Choraleers performed Handel's *Messiah* in the high school auditorium, it was written: "The event marked the beginning of the Advent season, a religious feast that coincides with the Christmas shopping days."

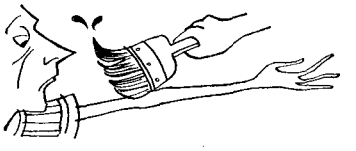
Recently a show entitled *An Evening of Dirty Plays* opened at the Oxford Theater in Los Angeles. The Los Angeles *Times* sent a reviewer, who wrote that it was "freshly conceived and impressively acted." The pleased producer bought space for an advertisement in the *Times*, but the paper refused to accept an ad for a play with such a title. After a little thought, the clever fellow changed the wording slightly, and the ad appeared like this throughout the run of the show: "An Evening of Clean Plays—Oxford Theater—'freshly conceived and impressively acted'—L.A. *Times*."

I don't know how many nuts there are who can be enthralled by reading page after page of details about how the silent film *Ben Hur* was made, but I am one. A paperback edition of *The Parade's Gone By* by Kevin Brownlow has just been published by Ballantine, giving me a chance to dip into the golden age of the motion picture business and bring back memories of the time when kids went to the movies three times a week. In those days you went to just about every new movie that came out. There weren't any reviews. You never worried about getting there at the beginning, as we do today. You walked in and sat down and watched the second half of the show. Sooner or later the first part would come around, and after a while you'd say, "This is where we came in," and leave. There were six vaudeville acts at a lot of theaters, too, and, of course, newsreels and two-reel comedies, etc.

About *Ben Hur*, which takes up a chapter in the book, I can remember a few scenes from the movie. I never knew till now, of course, that dozens of actors were tested for the lead, from Edmund Lowe to Ben Lyon. (It was 1922.) Well, if you remember Ben Lyon, you'll appreciate his recollection that it was "ridiculous" to think of him in the role. He says:

"My ribs are showing. I'm skinny. I haven't been eating very regularly. But they insisted; so one night I went to the Goldwyn studios makeup room. When I took off my clothes, the makeup men almost laughed. I looked like a greyhound coming out of trap four."

For the screen test, then, the makeup men painted muscles on Ben Lyon. They shaded his body and arms to give a light and shadow that made him appear more muscular. Then they sprayed some oil on him to make him look tougher. When he got onto the set for



the screen test, there was a delay of about fifteen minutes under the bright lights, enough to cause the muscles to run, and the test was a failure. That's one of the reasons Ramon Novarro and not Ben Lyon played Ben Hur.

With school out early the day before Thanksgiving, Donald York, fifteen, dropped in at the movies at Radio City Music Hall. When he got home, he realized he had left behind his attaché case with his schoolbooks in it. When he checked the theater's lost and found department, they couldn't help him. Thanksgiving morning Donald's father was reading *The New York Times* and came across a story about the big bomb scare at Radio City Music Hall. The police department's bomb squad had been called in because a suspicious-looking dispatch case had been found in the mezzanine lounge. Dressed in their armored suits, the squad carefully moved it out to the street, which had been roped off to keep crowds back. A photograph showed the dangerous object sitting out in the middle of the cleared street and the bomb squad preparing to open it. Mr. York looked carefully at the photo, and called to his wife, "They've found Donald's dispatch case." Sure enough.

In the October 25 TRADE WINDS I wrote about how useless it had been to teach

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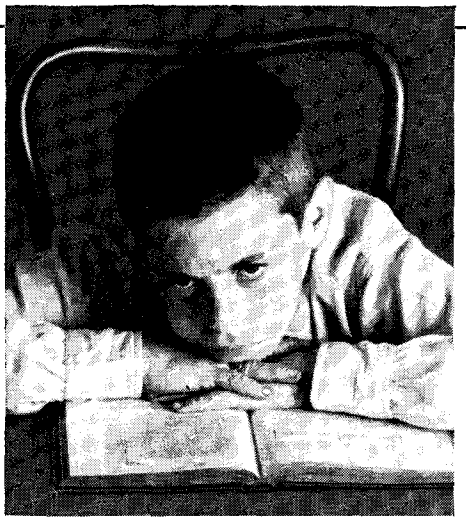

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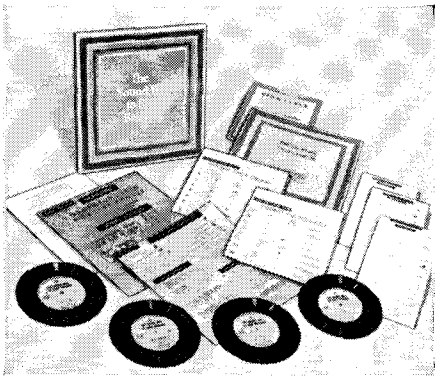

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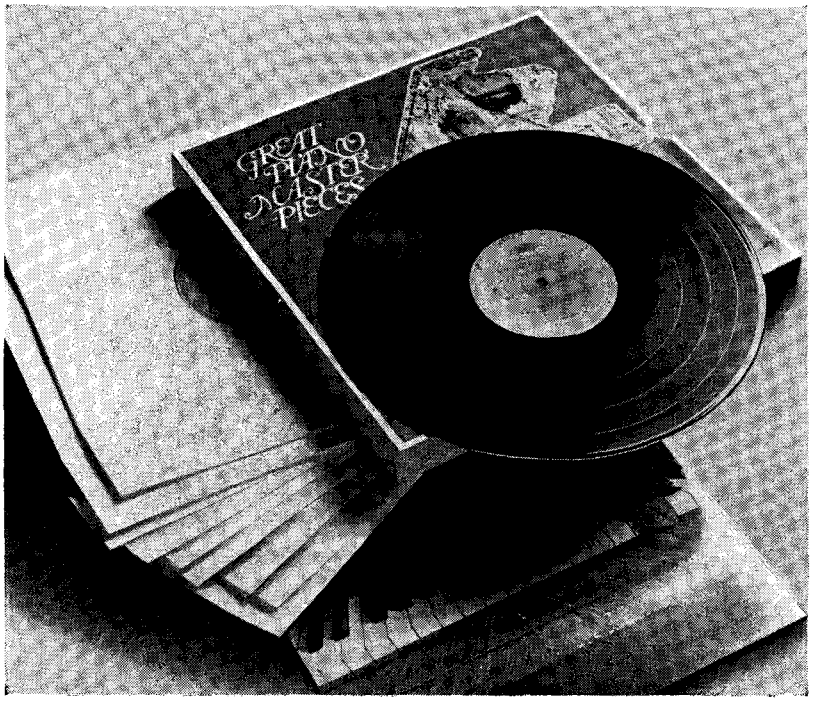

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PLAYBOY, COMING UP

FEBRUARY ISSUES

"Once lead this people into war, and they'll forget there ever was such a thing as tolerance. To fight you must be brutal and ruthless, and the spirit of ruthless brutality will enter into the very fibre of our national life...."—President Wilson, speaking to a reporter the night before he asked Congress for a declaration of war in 1917.

In recent months, America has learned that Wilson's bleak prophesy is often accurate, at least with respect to our armed forces—a discovery that can only be reinforced by Playboy's publication in February of *Justice, Military Style.* In case after case, Washington reporter and editor ROBERT SHERRILL details the perversions of justice perpetrated in our courts martial and the sometimes barbaric treatment U.S. servicemen suffer at the hands of their stockade and brig guards. On the encouraging side, Sherrill documents the growing sentiment for removal of all serious military trials to the civilian courts.

* * *

What happens to a man of mentation and sensitivity in the context of the fear-elation syndrome of dangerous sport? This is a perpetually fascinating subject, but one that has had few successful explorations since Hemingway. We think that *Skiing the Psychological Alps,* a February PLAYBOY article by JOHN SKOW, more than qualifies as such a success. After a vivid description of his *mano a mano* with a grueling five-and-a-half-hour performance of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* in Salzburg, Skow goes on to document the aesthetic and sporting moments-of-truth in an extended assault on the best slopes in the Swiss, French and Austrian Alps. It is that rare thing in modern writing—a subjective, but not posturing or self-indulgent, account of man in conflict with the elements and himself.

* * *

"Marijuana is a scourge that undermines its victims and degrades them mentally, morally and physically."—HARRY J. ANSLINGER.

"The police shouldn't be involved with drugs at all, nor with any other moral or medical problems that the individual should take to his doctor or minister."—ALAN WATTS.

These two quotes—from the man who was the head of the Bureau of Narcotics for 33 years and from the leading American popularizer of Eastern mysticism—hint at some of the issues advanced and assaulted in February's *Playboy Panel* on *The Drug Revolution.* Joining Anslinger and Watts in debating the physical, legal, sociological and spiritual effects of everything from pot to LSD and heroin are novelist WILLIAM BURROUGHS, actor JAMES COBURN (who experimented with LSD before it was made illegal and has been a volunteer worker at the Los Angeles Free Clinic, helping people with bad trips and other drug problems), JOHN FINLATOR (deputy director of the new Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, and a spokesman on the subject for the Nixon Administration), BABA RAM DASS (né Richard Alpert, Timothy Leary's original partner in hallucinogenic research), DR. JOEL FORT (one of the country's leading advocates of drug reform and the author of *Pot: A Rational Approach* in last October's PLAYBOY), critic LESLIE FIEDLER and Boston lawyer JOSEPH S. OTERI (who is responsible for the most impressive legal challenge ever mounted against the constitutionality of our anti-pot laws). Predictably, these nine knowledgeable men fail to achieve anything approaching a consensus on the virtues of drug use or the dangers of drug abuse. What they do achieve is an eminently readable—and we think highly informative—clarification of viewpoints on an urgent national issue.

* * *

There's much more in the new PLAYBOY, of course—*Future Shock,* the first of two articles by sociologist-futurist ALVIN TOFFLER on the psychological dangers that accompany our geometrically accelerating rate of technological and social change; and a risible and revealing look at *George Washington's Expense Account,* by MARVIN KITMAN, to give two examples—all of it conforming noncomformably to the PLAYBOY formula of intelligent, irreverent entertainment for men. It's a formula in which we hope you have become a critical factor.

Cordially,

THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY®

P.S.: We also publish pictures of pretty girls.

us the Palmer method of handwriting in school. We practiced by making ovals and straight lines ad infinitum, learning never to move our fingers. I claim you can't write without moving your fingers. I heard from a few who defended Palmer. Katherine Sheehey finds that with arthritis in her fingers she is glad she can write that way. The most interesting revelation comes from Fran Kempster, a student taking dental hygiene at the University of Missouri, Kansas City. She writes:

> The correct grasp for dental instruments, so we are told, is the Modified Pen Grasp. In polishing or scaling teeth you must use a full-arm motion rather than finger or wrist movements. And if we move our fingers, we get punished, just as we were for the same failing in penmanship several years ago. And guess what exercise our instructors recommend to help us master this technique. Right! Once again I am carefully forming row after row of lovely ovals and lines without moving my fingers or wrist.

Sharps and Flats: *The New York Times* referred to a new resort in the Bahamas as a "playground for peripathetic pleasure-seekers."

► Benjamin Flax says he hardly knows what to expect from the Hollywood Cleaners in Schenectady, New York, where a sign declares: ONE HOUR SUDDEN SERVICE.

► In the Time and Life Building in New York the directory on the thirtieth floor indicates the way to the "Time Buisness Office."

► A major break-through, I'd say, is the discovery that lollipops can be impregnated with marijuana.

► Last November a group of coeds at the University of California at Berkeley organized to protest for women's rights. In one demonstration they held a "bra-less Thursday" demonstration. The *National Observer* story about the event was headlined: "Coeds Present Untied Front in Berkeley Protest."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1866)

J. (ESSICA) MITFORD:

THE TRIAL OF DR. SPOCK

An eighteen-year-old girl who had marched with Spock-led militants since junior high school days . . . spotted a copy of *Baby and Child Care* lying on the coffee table. "Oh—is that by THE Dr. Spock?" she asked. "Is he any good on baby care?"

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There is an obvious lack of routine and regimentation at the Club. No social directors trying to organize you into a good time. If and when the spirit moves you, there's tennis, scuba diving, spear fishing, surfing, sailing, deep-sea fishing, judo and yoga.

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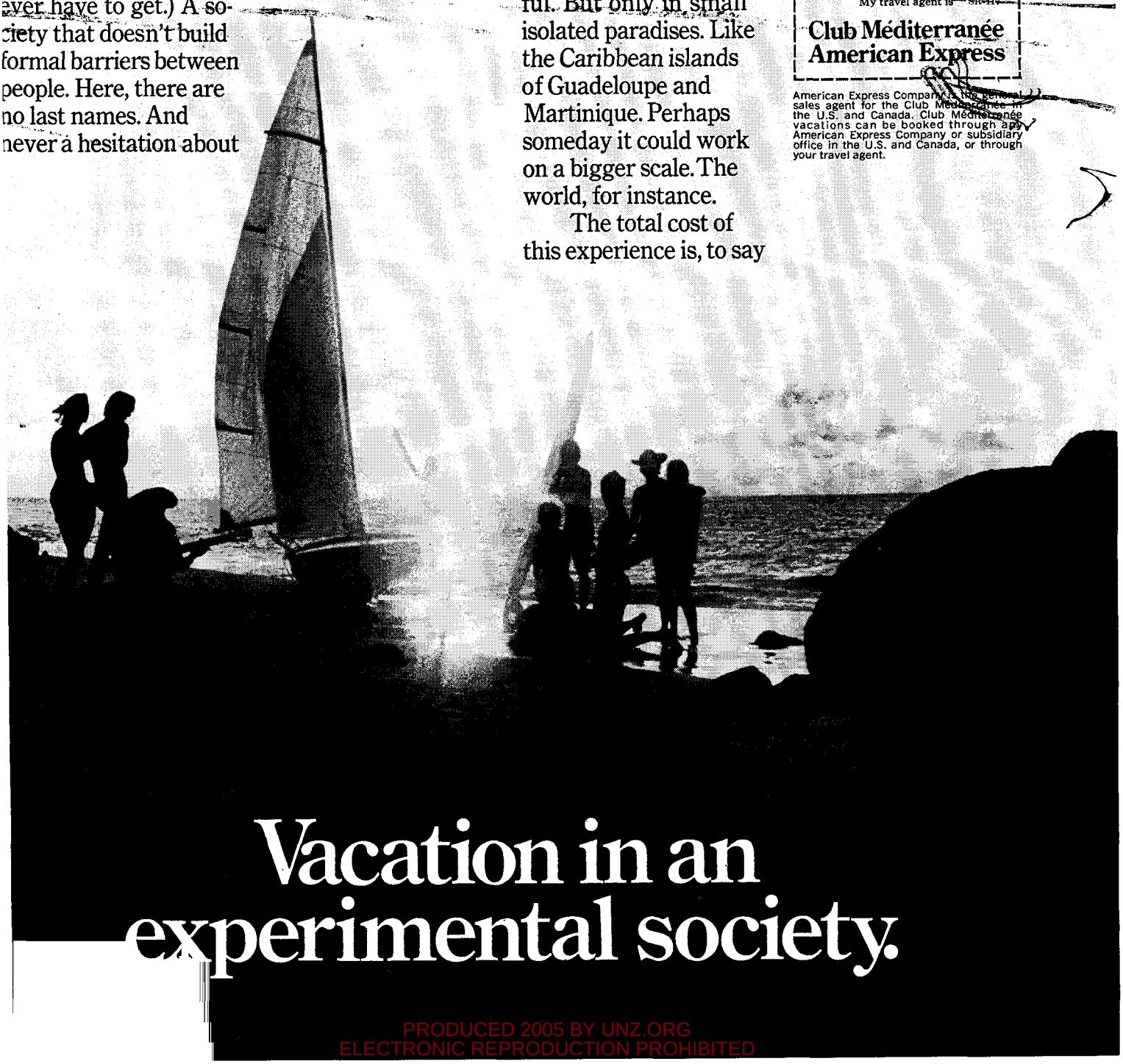

Vacation in an experimental society.

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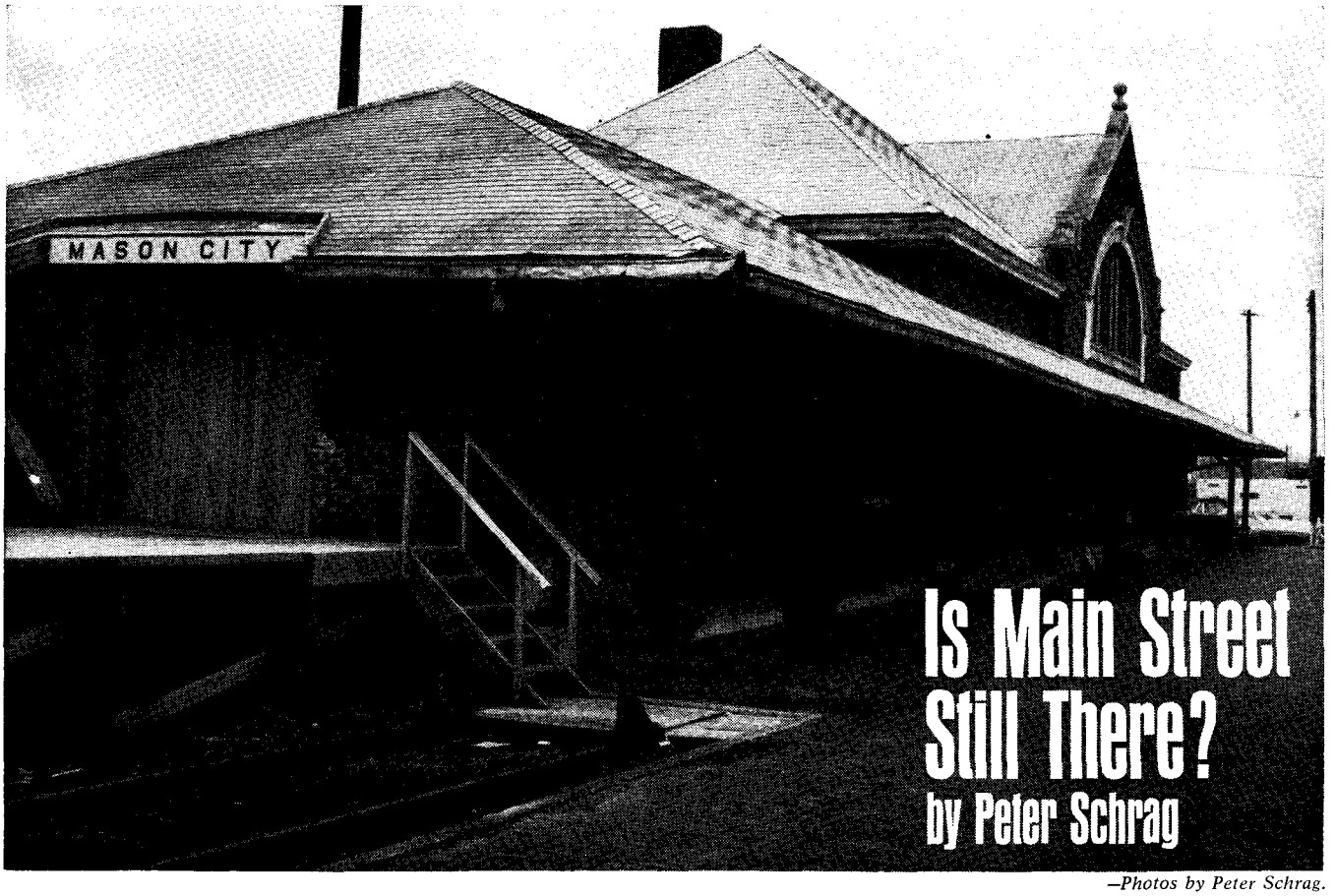

Is Main Street Still There?

by Peter Schrag

—*Photos by Peter Schrag.*

MASON CITY, IOWA. Pop. 32,642. Meat packing, Portland cement, brick and tile, beet sugar, dairy products, commercial feeds, soybean oil and meal, thermopane windows and mobile homes. At the intersection of Highways 18 and 65, 135 miles south of Minneapolis, 125 miles north of Des Moines. Three major railroads. Ozark Airlines. Daily newspaper, one local television station. Library, art museum.

It is hard to stay in any small American town for more than a few days and remain an outsider. There seems to be a common feeling that anyone—even a writer from New York—is, somewhere in his heart, a small-town boy come home. The light but unceasing stream of traffic that moves through Main Street—Federal Avenue in Mason City—north to Minneapolis and beyond, south to Des Moines, reinforces the belief that this flat, open place is part of a great American continuity extending through other Main Streets, across the fields of corn and beets, past tractor depots and filling stations, past grain elevators and loading pens to the very limits of the national imagination. Such a belief must make it difficult to conceive of anyone as a total stranger, for being here—local pride notwithstanding—cannot seem very different from being anywhere else.

They take you in, absorb you, soak you up; they know where you've been, whom you've seen, what you've done. In Mississippi hamlets, the sheriff follows you around; here it is The Word. *Small towns co-opt* (you tell yourself), *and nice small towns co-opt absolutely.* But it is not just them, it's you. The things that you bring with you—your sense of yourself as a friendly sort, the wish to believe that the claims of small-town virtue are valid, your particular kind of chauvinism—all these things make you a willing collaborator. So maybe they're right. *Maybe we're all just small-town boys come home.* Yes, you're willing to come to dinner, to visit the Club, to suspend the suspicion that all this is some sort of do-it-yourself Chamber of Commerce trick. Later perhaps (says the Inner Voice of Reason) you will be able to sort things out, to distinguish Main Street from the fantasies that you and a lot of other people from New York have invented for it. Later.

You have come here to see what is happening to the heart of this country, to ask how the great flat democracy responds to Vietnam and Black Power, to marijuana and SDS, to see how it is taking technology and the Bomb—all the things that overwhelm the visible spectrum of public concern. Is there something here that can survive in New York and Chicago? Is there an Americanism that will endure, or will it perish with the farm and the small town? What, you ask, is happening to Main Street? Later. For the moment you are simply in it, listening to them worry about a proposed civic center, about the construction of a mall, about taxes and industrial development, and about something they call "the traffic problem," which seems, by even the more placid standards of New York, more imagined than real.

There are ghosts in this country—local ghosts, and ghosts that you bring with you, that refuse to stay behind: shades of brawling railroad workers and dispossessed farmers; frontiersmen and Babbitts; the old remembered tales of reaction and America First, of capital "R" Republicanism and the Ku Klux Klan; the romance of Jefferson and Frederick Jackson Turner, the yeoman farmer and the self-made man. As a place of literary irony, Middle America is celebrating its golden anniversary. "Main Street," wrote Sinclair Lewis in 1920, "is the climax of civilization. That this Ford car might stand in front of the Bon Ton Store, Hannibal invaded Rome and Erasmus wrote in Oxford cloisters. What Ole Jensen the grocer says to Ezra Stowbody the banker is the new law for London, Prague, and the unprofitable isles of the sea; whatsoever Ezra does not know and sanction, that thing is here-

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sy, worthless for knowing and wicked to consider." But such irony, too, may be a ghost—now as much myth, perhaps, as the self-flattering cultural propositions invented to answer it. ("Right here in Mason City," someone tells you, "we sell 300 tickets each year for the Metropolitan Opera tour performances in Minneapolis.") The life of Babbittry, you tell yourself, follows the life (and art) of others. But the models are no longer clear. Main Street once insisted on rising from Perfection (rural) to Progress (urban): Sauk Centre and Zenith were trying to do Chicago's "thing," but what does Chicago have to offer now? The Main Street boosters are still there, hanging signs across the road proclaiming "A Community on the March," but their days are numbered. How would Lewis have portrayed the three hundred marchers of the Vietnam Moratorium in Mason City? How would he deal with the growing number of long-haired, pot-smoking kids? Here, too, Mason City follows New York and Chicago. (The Mafia, you are told, controls the floating dice games that occasionally rumble through the back rooms of a local saloon.) The certainty of Lewis's kind of irony was directed to the provincial insularity that war, technology, and television are rendering obsolete. Main Street lives modern not in its dishwashers and combines—not even in Huntley-Brinkley and Walter Cronkite—but in its growing ambivalence about the America that creates them, the America that crosses the seas of beets and corn, and therefore about Main Street itself.

It is not a simple place, and perhaps never was. You see what you expect, and then begin to see (or imagine) what you did not. Standard America, yes: the Civil War monument in the square; the First National Bank; Osco's Self-Service Drugs; the shoe store and movie theaters; Damon's and Younkers' ("Satisfaction Always"); Maizes' and Penney's; Sears and Monkey Ward. Middle America the way it was supposed to be: the farmers coming to shop on Saturday afternoon; the hunting and fishing; the high school football game Friday night; the swimming and sailing at Clear Lake, a small resort nine miles to the west. You cannot pass through town without being told that Mason City is a good place to raise a family, without hearing praise for the schools, and without incessant reminders that Meredith Willson's musical play *The Music Man* was *about* Mason City, that Willson was born here, and that the town was almost renamed River City because of it. (There *is* a river, the Winnebago, which makes itself known only at times of flood.) Mr. Toot, the figure of a trombone-blowing bandsman (says a man at the Chamber of Commerce) is now the town symbol. "We hope," says the man, "that we can make our band festival into a major event." Someday, you imagine, this could be the band capital of the nation, the world, and maybe the whole wicked universe.

Mason City, they tell you, is a stable community: steady population, little unemployment, no race problem (there are, at most, 300 Negroes in town), clean water, and—with some huffy qualifications (dust from one of the cement plants, odor from the packing house)—clean air. A cliché. In the *Globe Gazette*, the editor, Bob Spiegel, suggests that the problems and resources of the large cities be dispersed to all the Mason Cities in America. A Jeffersonian, Mr. Spiegel, and a nice guy: "The smaller communities need the plants and the people that are polluting the urban centers—not in large doses, but steadily, surely. . . . The small communities are geared up. They have comprehensive plans. They know they can't stand still or they will be passed by." Stable, perhaps, but what is stable in a relativistic universe? The very thing that Spiegel proposes seems to be happening in reverse. The community is becoming less pluralistic: it has fewer Negroes, fewer Jews, and fewer members of other minorities than it had twenty years ago. "After the war," said Nate Levinson, an attorney, who is president of the synagogue, "we had eighty Jewish families. Now we have forty. We can't afford a rabbi anymore." On the few occasions that Mason City has tried to attract Negro professionals, they refused to come or to stay. There is nobody to keep them company, and the subtle forms of discrimination—in housing and employment—are pervasive enough to discourage pioneers. ("My maid says if she hears any more about Black Power she'll scream. . . . I wouldn't mind one living next door, if he mowed the grass and kept the place neat.") The brighter kids—black and white—move away, off to college, off to the cities, and beneath that migration one can sense the fear that the city's declining agricultural base will not be replaced by enough industrial jobs to maintain even the stability that now exists.

Mason City is not a depressed town, although in its stagnating downtown shopping area it often looks like one. (Shopping centers are thriving on the periphery; the farmers come in to shop, but not all the way.) The city shares many of the attributes of other small Middle Western communities, competing with them for industry, counting, each week, another farm family that is selling out or giving up, counting the abandoned houses around the county, counting the number of acres (now exceeding 200) required for an efficient agricultural operation. An acre of land costs $500, a four-row combine $24,000. If you stop in such places as Plymouth, a town of 400, nine miles from Mason City, you hear the cadences of compromise and decline: men who have become part-time farmers and make ends meet, at $2.25 an hour, by working in the sugar mill in Mason City. Independence becomes, ever more, a hopeful illusion belied by abandoned shops and boarded windows, and by tales of success set in other places—an engineer in California, a chemist in Detroit, a teacher in Oregon.

Iowa, you realize, not just from statistics, but from faces, is a state of old people: "What do the kids here want to do? What do the kids in Mason City want to do? What do the kids in Iowa want to do? They want to get out. I'd get out, go to California if I could." There is a double migration, from farms into towns, from towns into cities, and out of the state. More than 10 per cent of Mason City's work force is employed at the Decker packing plant on the north side of town. (The plant is a division of Armour and Company.) At the moment the plant is prosperous; it pays good wages. (A hamboner—who does piece work—can make $6 to $7 an hour.) But what would happen, asked one of the city's corporate managers, if the place should succumb to the increasing effi-

"What do the kids in Mason City want to do? What do the kids in Iowa want to do? They want to get out. I'd get out, go to California if I could."

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"Supporting the Moratorium was our way of saying we love our country right or wrong, and this time it was wrong."

ciency of newer plants? "What'll we do the day—and don't quote me—when the place has to shut down?"

It is the fashion to worry slow, worry with a drawl. Urgency and crisis are not the style. Through most of its history, Mason City was dominated by a few families, and to some extent it still is—not because they are so powerful, but because Federal Avenue once thought they were. Small towns create their own patriarchs, tall men who look even taller against the flatness of history, producing—inevitably—a belief that civic motion and inertia are the subtle work of Big Men: bankers, real estate operators, and corporate managers. Mason City still talks about the General, Hanford MacNider (banking, cement, real estate), who was an Assistant Secretary of War under Coolidge, ambassador to Canada, an aspirant for the 1940 Republican nomination for President, and, for a time, a supporter of America First. (In Mason City, MacNider was *Secretary* of War and barely missed becoming President.) The MacNiders gave the city land for parks, for the public library, and for a museum. (The General was also a founder of the Euchre and Cycle Club, a lunch-and-dinner club—all the best people—which still has no Jewish members, and he is remembered, among other things, as the man who did not lower his flag for thirty days after John F. Kennedy was killed.) "My father," said Jack MacNider, now president of the Northwestern States Portland Cement Company, "was quite a guy. Some people thought he was tough. To some he was a patron saint. You should have known him."

The General's shadow has survived him, and there are still people who are persuaded that nothing of major consequence can be accomplished in Mason City against the opposition of the MacNider family. Is that true, you ask Jack, sitting in his second-story office overlooking Federal Avenue. (There is a picture of the General, in full uniform, behind Jack's desk.) "I'm flattered," he answers, not defensively, but with some amusement, saying more between the lines than on the record, telling you—you imagine—that the MacNiders take the rap for a lot of small-town inertia they can't control, and that they suffer (or enjoy) a visibility for which they haven't asked. At this very moment a young lawyer named Tom Jolas, a second generation Greek, is challenging the Establishment (such as it is) in his campaign for mayor; you both know that Jolas is likely to win (on November 4 he did win, handily) and that the city's style and mood are now determined as much by younger businessmen and professionals—and by hundreds of packing house workers and cement workers—as they are by the old families. "This must be a fish bowl for the MacNiders," you say, and Jack offers no argument. And when you speak about prejudice in Mason City, Jack agrees—yes, there is—but you can't be sure whether he means only against Catholics, Jews, and Negroes (or Greeks, and Chicanos), or also against the MacNiders. The shadow is still there, but the General is dead.

Mason City's traditional style of politics and political behavior was nicely represented by sixty-five-year-old George Mendon, who was mayor for sixteen years until Jolas beat him. Small towns always create the illusion of responsiveness—you can call any public official, any corporate manager, with little interference from secretaries who ask your business, your name, and your pedigree—and you thus can walk into Mendon's office unannounced and receive an audience. But you are never sure that, once in, you have really arrived anywhere. The action must be someplace else. The room is almost bare, the desk virtually clean, the man without visible passion. Yes, jobs and industrial development are a problem, and Mason City has done pretty well, but there are 20,000 other towns trying to attract industry, and, you know, these things take time. Yes, they would like to hire some Negroes for the police force, but none has qualified. Yes, the MacNiders had been good to the city—all that land they'd given (and all those tax deductions?) but. . . . When Mendon was challenged during the campaign about operating an underpaid and undertrained police force, he answered that the city had the most modern equipment, including riot guns, Mace, and bulletproof vests. What are they for, you ask, and Mendon, rattling the change in his pocket, identifies himself. "Our colored population is peaceful," he said. "They wouldn't riot. But you never know when people from the outside might come in and try to start something." Mason City is prepared for Watts and Newark, and somewhere in its open heart there lurks an edge of apprehension that the fire next time might burn even here. But when Mendon spoke about his riot guns at an open meeting, the general response was tempered by considerable facetious amusement, and the people who were amused went out to vote against him, and beat him.

There is no single current running against the old style of politics, or against the Mendons and the Establishment they are supposed to represent. In 1968, Mason City voted for Nixon, for the conservative Congressman H. R. Gross, and for Harold Hughes, a liberal Democrat, for the U.S. Senate. ("We helped elect Gross the first time he ran," said a union official, "and we've been sorry ever since.") Sociology and political calculations don't help much. "The issue here," said Bud Stewart, who runs a music store and worked for Jolas, "is generational," implying that whatever was young and progressive supported the challenger against the older Establishment. Jolas campaigned under the slogan "Time for a Change," including, among other things, concern for public housing (which the city does not have, but desperately needs), more attention to the problems of youth, and the creation of a modern police force that could meet what he called the rising rate of crime. (And which meant, I was told, getting rid of the reactionary police chief who had bought all the riot junk). But what Jolas said was clearly not as important as what he is: young, energetic, and, beneath it all, ambiguously liberal, and unambiguously decent. "I had my hair long and wore sideburns," he tells you (two years ago, he managed a teen-age rock band), "but my friends said I couldn't win with it; so I cut it short. But maybe after the election I might get a notion and let it grow again."

Jolas's great political achievement before he ran for mayor was to force the state to reroute a projected interstate highway so that it would pass within a few miles of Mason City, but it was undoubtedly personality rather than politics that elected him. ("You know what they're saying about me?" he mused one day toward the end of the campaign. "They're saying that, if I'm elected, the Greeks and the niggers are going to take over Mason City. I even had someone charge that I belong to the Mafia—the Greek Mafia.") More than anything else, Jolas seems to have a sense of concern about youth—not a program—but an awakening awareness of how kids are shortchanged by schools, by politicians, by adults. ("He

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knows," I wrote in my notes, "that the world screws kids.")

What Jolas can achieve is doubtful. He will not have a sympathetic city council nor perhaps even a sympathetic community, and his commitment to a downtown civic center and mall as a means of restoring the vitality of the central business area may be more the token of modernism than the substance of progress; yet it is clear that Jolas received the support, and represented the aspirations, of whatever liberalism (black, labor, professional) the city could muster. If you sit in his storefront headquarters long enough, you learn how far Main Street has come from Babbittry. You meet Marie Dresser, the recently widowed wife of a physician, who, as president of the Iowa League of Women Voters, carried a reapportionment fight through the legislature and who speaks of how, when their son decided to grow a mustache, she and her husband decided to back him against the school authorities and how, eventually, they won; Jean Beatty, the wife of a psychologist, answering phone calls and stuffing Jolas campaign envelopes, and shuttling between meetings of the league and the local branch of the NAACP, knowing that the organization should be run by black people, but knowing also that its precariously weak membership cannot sustain it without help; or Jim Shannon, the county Democratic chairman, who has worked for the Milwaukee Railroad all his life, and who has gone back to the local community college (working nights, studying economics during the day), speaking in his soft, laconic, infinitely American cadences about the campaign for Bobby Kennedy in 1968, about a decade of legislative fights, reminding you, without meaning to, or even mentioning it, that liberalism wasn't invented in New York, that the Phil Harts, the Frank Churches, the Fred Harrises, and the George McGoverns weren't elected by professors.

If that were all—if one could merely say that Mason City and Middle America are going modern—it would be easy, but it is not. (What, after all, is modern—uniquely modern—after technology has been dispensed with?) The national culture is there—mass cult, high, middle, and low, mod and trad: Bud Stewart in the Edwardian double-breasted suits that he orders from advertisements through the local stores; the elite trooping off to Minneapolis to hear the Met when it comes on tour, or to Ames to catch the New York Philharmonic (mostly, say the cynics, to be conspicuous, not for love of music); the rock on the radio and in the jukes (the Fifth Dimension, Blood, Sweat and Tears, new Dylan and old Baez, plus some leavening from the likes of Johnny Cash); the long hair and the short skirts, the drugs and the booze. (At the same time, beer, rather than pot, seems still to be the preponderant, though not the exclusive, form of adolescent sin.) But somehow what Mason City receives through the box and the tube—and from trips to Minneapolis and Des Moines, where some of the ladies do almost weekly shopping—Mason City seems to shape and reshape into its own forms. There is a tendency to mute the decibels of public controversy and social friction, perhaps because people are more tolerant and relaxed, perhaps because they are simply less crowded. There is talk about crime and violence, but the most common examples seem usually to involve the theft of bicycles and the destruction of Halloween pumpkins. (Another way of staking a claim on the modern?) If you ask long enough, you can get some of the blue-collar workers to speak about their resentment against welfare, taxes, and student demonstrators (not at Harvard, mind you, but at the State University of Iowa), but it is commonly only television and the newspapers that produce the talk. And so it tends to be dispassionate, distant, and somewhat abstract. Bumper stickers and decals are scarce; American flags are rarely seen on the rear windows of automobiles because, one might assume, there aren't many people at whom to wave them, not many devils to exorcise. The silent majority here is an abstraction, a collage of minorities, except when it comes to the normalcy of the ladies' study clubs and bridge clubs, the football, the hunting and fishing, and the trip to the lake. And every two years they go back, most of them, and vote for H. R. Gross.

And yet, here are the kids, high school students and students at the Community College, organizing a Moratorium march, running a little newspaper semi-underground within the high school, and with the blessing of the school authorities; here are the clergymen, not all, but a few, giving their support for the march from the pulpit (when she heard her minister that Sunday, one prominent parishioner promptly resigned from the church); and here are ordinary people responding to the critics of dissent with their own protest. In a letter to the *Globe Gazette*:

> We supported the Moratorium Day demonstration. We have a son in Vietnam. We love our country. We fly the American flag.
>
> But we do not believe in blindly following our leader as the Germans did when their leader decided to exterminate the Jews, or as some Americans would do if our leader should decide to exterminate the Indians.
>
> We feel our country was wrong to send 40,000 of our boys to their death, not defending their own shores.
>
> Supporting the Moratorium was our way of saying we love our country right or wrong, and this time it was wrong.

Given the reputation of the average small town in America, the greatest surprise is the school system, which, under Rod Bickert, the superintendent, and John Patzwald, the high school principal, has managed to move well beyond the expected, even in the con-

Frank Lloyd Wright designed one of the original bank buildings in Mason City; it has since been remodeled and is now occupied by shops and offices. "Mason City follows New York and Chicago . . . but what it receives Mason City shapes and reshapes into its own forms."

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ventional modern suburb. Mason City has abandoned dress codes in its high school, has instituted flexible-modular scheduling (meaning that students have only a limited number of formal lecture classes, and can do their own thing—in "skill" and study centers, in the library, or in the cafeteria—as they will), and has begun to experiment, in the high school, with an "open mike" on which a student can talk to the entire school on anything he pleases. There are no bells, no monitors. As you walk through the halls (modern, sprawling, corporate style) with Patzwald, a Minnesotan, he explains that he first came to the school as a disciplinarian. "It was a conservative school, and I ran a tight ship." When he became principal, he turned things around. "We're something of an island, and when some of the parents first heard about it, they thought it was chaos. We had an open meeting—parents and students—to explain the flex-mod schedule, but most of the parents wanted to know about dress. You know, we have everything here, including girls in miniskirts and pants suits. The students helped us carry it. They know that some sort of uproar could blow this thing right out of the water, but I think they can do the job."

Every day Patzwald spends a couple of hours visiting classes, asking students irreverent questions that are, at least tangentially, directed to the teachers. "I ask them why they're doing what they're doing. What's the significance of this? Why study it at all? Sure we have some weak teachers, but now when I hire people I role-play with them a little. I want to see how they take pressure. In the classroom it's too easy for the teachers always to be the last resort and to put the screws down. That's no way to improve the climate of learning." The conversation is frequently interrupted while Patzwald stops to talk with students (he knows many by name), and later he tells you about them. "Kids are my life," he says, rounding a corner after a brief encounter with two boys. "The whole point is to get them to appreciate the worth of an individual. We have to reach the ones who are overlooked, like one boy they were taunting and who talked about himself as 'a ball that they always kick around.' Those are the ones we have to reach. But I think we're coming."

The militant students seek you out. Mason City is still a confining place, and they find The Man from *Saturday Review*, the outsider, walking through the hall alone. The organizers of the Moratorium, the editors of the mimeographed paper, the *Bitter End* (not quite underground, not quite official), the activists are sons and daughters of affluent lawyers and doctors, all local people, not carpetbaggers from the East. The school, they say, is divided between "pointy heads like us" and "the animals." (A group passes through the hall after school, and the pointy heads, through a glass door, follow the herd with "moo-moo," "oink-oink.") The radicals still see the school as a fraud. "There is no way to get a decent education in a public school. Everybody's too up-tight." Like what? "Like being allowed to leave school during your unstructured time to make a movie. You can get a release to dish hamburgers at McDonald's; so why not to make movies?" One of them gets threatening letters for his part in the peace movement, another loses his allowance because he won't cut his hair. Their lives are no different—nor are their parents'—from those of similar people in Scarsdale or Shaker Heights or Winnetka. (Some of them, said Patzwald, "have told their parents to go to hell.") What is surprising is that, although they are a lonely minority, they can be found in this community at all.

For the majority of the young, the concerns are universal: cars, dances, sports. You hear them in Vic's ("Real Dago Pizza"): "It's a '65 Chevy. I traded it for that car that was sitting in the grass by the Hub." "Paid $350 and put a new engine in it, and it runs great." They want to go to college, to get jobs; more than half the high school students work, so they can maintain those automobiles, and get married. The modest dream is to become an airline stewardess—"If I'm not too clumsy"—to enlist in the Army, to learn a trade. On Friday nights they cruise up and down Federal, shuttling from a root beer stand at the south end to a drive-in at the other. There is some talk about establishing a teen center, a Place Where Kids Can Go, but the proposal draws little enthusiasm from adults and less from the kids. And yet, even among the majority, the animals, the apathetic, something may be happening. The war perhaps, or television, or the music. There was a time, said a school administrator, "when the war seemed very distant." Mason City's enlistment rate was always high; the college students were exempt anyway, and the draft wasn't much of an issue. But in the past year eight recent graduates of Mason City High were killed in Vietnam, making death and change more personal. Nearly a hundred turned out to hear discussions about the war inside the school, and, while the patriotic speakers still come to address the assembly, other messages are being heard as well. The hair gets longer, the music a little harder, and the news is on everybody's set.

The young are slowly becoming mediators of the culture; they receive the signals from the outside and interpret the messages for the adults. And that's new for all America, not just for Mason City. "The kids are having an effect on their parents," said a mental health worker, apparently one of the few clinicians in town whom the adolescents are willing to trust. "People here are friendly and up-tight at the same time. Many of them take the attitude that the children should have their fun, that eventually they'll come around to their parents' view. But people have been jarred—by TV and by their own children—and they know, some of them at least, that they've got to listen. They're trying to become looser."

But becoming looser is still a struggle and, given the conditions of life, an imperative that can be deferred. ("I'm *not* going to send my son to Harvard," says a Harvard graduate. "An eighteen-year-old is not mature enough to handle SDS and all that other garbage.") The space, the land, the weather, the incessant reminders of physical normalcy make it possible to defer almost anything. Church on Sunday, football on Friday, and the cycle of parties, dinners, and cookouts remain more visible (not to say comprehensible) than the subtleties of cultural change or social injustice. If the churches and their ministers are losing some of their influence among the young (and if the call for psychiatrists is increasing), they are still holding their members, and if the Catholic monsignor, Arthur Breen, has to schedule a folk mass at Holy Family every Sunday (in addition to four other masses) he nonetheless continues to pack them in.

What you see most of all (see is not a good word; feel, maybe) is a faith in the capacity of people and institutions to be responsive, the belief that, finally, things are pretty much what they seem, that Things Work. "This is just a big farm town," said a Mason City businessman. "You don't check people's credit here. You just assume they'll pay their bills. In Waterloo, which is really an industrial city, even though it isn't very big, you check everybody out." The answer to an economic problem is to work harder, to take a second job, or to send your wife to work, usually as a clerk or a waitress. (Wages for women are extremely low.) On the radio, *Junior Achievement* makes its peace with modernism by setting its jingle to "Get With It" to a rock beat, but the message of adolescent enterprise (Babbittry?) is the same, and around the lunch tables at the Green Mill Restaurant or the bar at Tom

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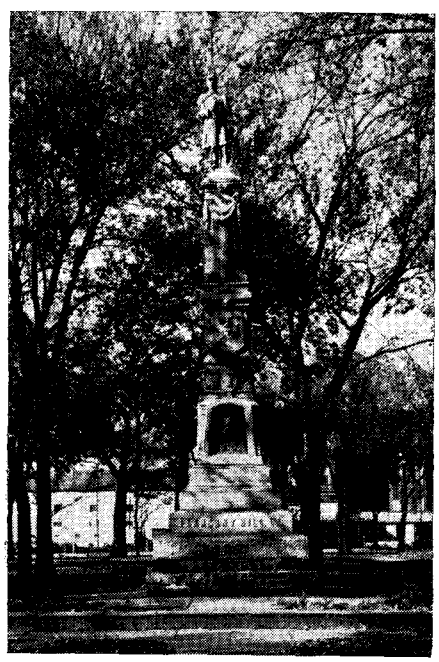
MacNider's Chart House it is difficult to convince anyone that sometimes even people with the normal quota of ambition can't make it.

The advantages of that faith are obvious, but the price is high. "This is a nice town as long as you don't rock the boat," said Willis Haddix, a meat packer, who is president of the struggling Mason City chapter of NAACP. "What's wrong here is in the secret places": in subtle discrimination in housing and jobs; in the out-of-sight, dilapidated frame houses at the north and south ends of town, buildings surrounded with little piles of lumber, rusting metal chairs, decaying junk cars once slated for repair; in the lingering aroma of personal defeat; and in the cross between arrogance and apathy that declares "there are no poor people in this area." On Sundays, while most people are packing their campers for the trip home, or making the transition between church and television football, the old, who have little to do, wander into the Park Inn for lunch—hot roast beef sandwiches for $1.25—and to talk about Medicare. And against theirs you hear other voices: Murray Lawson, for example, a civilized, compassionate man, who represents Mason City in the legislature, saying, "We've been generous with education, but not so generous with the old. We've had a rough time with nursing homes"; Jim Shannon, who supports his wife and seven children on the salary of a railroad clerk and janitor, describing the effects of a regressive sales tax that victimizes the small man but makes little impact on the rich; the official of the local OEO poverty agency talking about the county's third welfare generation and reflecting that "an admission of poverty is an admission of failure, and people here don't do that"; Tom Jolas describing Mason City's enthusiasm for the New York Mets when they won the World Series after a ninth place finish in 1968, because "people believe in coming off the bottom."

And then you learn something else—about yourself, and about the phenomenon you choose to call Main Street. You hear them complain about Eastern, urban provincialism, about those people who cannot believe that Mason City has television ("You must get it from the West Coast"), let alone an art museum, a decent library, or a couple of go-go joints (or that you can buy Philip Roth, Malcolm X, and Henry Miller in the bookstore), and you begin to understand, almost by suggestion, what the barriers of comprehension are all about. Is it really surprising that Main Street cannot fully comprehend talk about police brutality, police rigidity, or social disillusionment? If the system works here, why doesn't it work everywhere else? Main Street's uniquely provincial vice lies in its excessive, unquestioning belief (in the Protestant ethic, hard work, honesty, and conventional politics); New York's in the conviction that most of the time nothing may make much difference, that institutions and public life are by their very nature unresponsive. And if New York has come to doubt the values and the beliefs of tradition, it still hasn't invented anything to replace them. The anger of the blue-collar worker—at welfare, students, Negroes—is rooted in the frustrated ethic of Main Street, frustrated in not only its encounters with urban problems and technology, but in the growing doubt of the Best people—Wallace's pointy heads, Agnew's effete impudent snobs—that it still has merit. Among the characteristic excesses of rural populism (whether expressed by William Jennings Bryan, Joe McCarthy, or Spiro Agnew) was a paranoia about Them: the bankers, the railroads, the Communists in government, the Eastern Establishment. But paranoia is surely also one of the characteristic defenses of almost every other inhabitant of New York. (If you try to explain the vicissitudes of dealing with Con Edison or the New York Telephone Company, most people in Mason City stare at you in disbelief; if you speak about rents and housing, they're certain you've gone mad.) Every rural or small-town vote against some proposal for the alleviation of a problem in New York or Chicago or Cleveland is not merely an act of self-interest (keeping taxes low, protecting the farmers) but a gesture of disbelief that Main Street's ethic and tactics—if they were really applied—would be ineffective in the Big City.



The Civil War Monument in Central Park —"You see what you expect, and then begin to see (or imagine) what you did not."

At the end, sitting in the waiting room at the Municipal Airport (all flights from Chicago, naturally, are late), you detach yourself. You hear, still, one of the Federal Avenue lawyers saying, "This town is solid. It's solid as a commercial center, and as a medical and cultural center for a large region." You see his nearly bare office, the brown wood furniture, the linoleum floors, and the fluorescent lights, see his partner in a sleeveless, gray pullover walking through the outer office (Clarence Darrow?), and hear the trucks stopping for the red light at the intersection below. You hear Jack MacNider speaking about the gradual movement of the "iron triangle"—the Midwestern industrial region—into north central Iowa, speaking about the ultimate industrialization of the area around the city. You see the high school homecoming queen, fragile and uncomfortable in the back of an open convertible in the wind-chilled stadium; see the wide residential streets with their maples and time-threatened elms, the section of magnificent houses by Prairie School architects (one of them by Frank Lloyd Wright) and the crumbling streets at the south end, near the Brick and Tile; and you hear, in that same neighborhood, two NAACP ladies, one white, one Negro, discussing the phrasing of a letter to the school board politely protesting the use of *Little Black Sambo* in the elementary grades. And then, finally, you hear again all those people speaking about how good Mason City is for raising a family, and you wonder what kind of society it is that must separate growing up and the rearing of children from the places where most of its business is transacted, its ideas discussed, and its policies determined. And then you wonder, too, what would happen if something ever came seriously to disturb Main Street's normalcy, if direct demands were ever made, if the letters ceased being polite, if the dark places —the discrimination and disregard—were probed and, for the first time, tested. Small towns do co-opt, you think, not by what they do, not by their hospitality, but by what we wish they were—because all of us, big city boys and small, *want* to believe. And yet, when Ozark 974 rises from the runway, off to Dubuque, over the corn and beets, over the Mississippi, off to Chicago, you know that you can't go home again, that the world is elsewhere, and that every moment the distances grow not smaller but greater. Main Street is far away.

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The Taming of Individuals and the State

When parents and college teachers meet these days to compare notes about young people, the points of prime concern are not confined to drugs, disheveled dress, and long hair. The characteristic that increasingly bewilders and bedevils people who have to deal with teen-agers and even young adults is their shortness of temper. Casual conversation escalates into confrontation with blitzkrieg speed. Even the slightest differences become a fuse for fierce eruptions, often accompanied by the kind of vocabulary that only a few years ago was considered borderline in male locker rooms.

Both parents and teachers readily admit they don't know how to cope with these volatile encounters. The natural tendency for a father whose college-age son or daughter tells him to go to hell is to throw the youngster out of the house. But this particular approach holds no terror for large numbers of young people. The floating population of kids, not just in the United States but around the world, is approaching mammoth dimensions and is the result less of parental eviction than of voluntary exit and vagabondage. In fact, many parents are so apprehensive that their children will leave the nest prematurely that they find themselves countenancing modes of conduct that only a few years ago they would have regarded as grossly unacceptable.

The problem of the teacher is only partially that of discipline. Even more important in the teacher's mind is the growing student disregard for what historically has gone by the name of rational discourse. For more than two centuries, rationalism and its concomitants have been the dominant tradition in Western education and philosophy. The Age of Enlightenment would not have been possible without a deep belief not just in the power of logic but in modes of rational discussion based on the ability of people to reason together.

What also troubles educators is the insistence of many young people on self-expression to the detriment of objective and systematic thought. Contempt for the rational process tends to set the stage for noisiness, abusiveness, and a violent life-style. Teachers properly fear that the young people's propensity to over-react is the stuff of which nihilism is made—and explosive nihilism at that.

It would be a serious error, however, for teachers or parents to suppose that trigger tempers, irrational behavior, and clamorous assertiveness are the exclusive province of the young. Attention centers on young people because of their dramatic visibility, but their thoughts and actions are not separable from the dominant tendencies of the times. The principal attributes of an Age of Enlightenment—restraint, sequential thought, the primacy of ideas, good will, good humor, and the ascendancy of human perfectibility over human pervertibility—are not precise descriptions of our own time. The greatest single arena of learning for a child, for example, is not the school but the television screen. This is where saturation courses on life-at-gunpoint are to be found. The child learns very little from TV about the fragility and preciousness of life. Examples of basic decency and compassion are heavily outweighed by numberless instances of people inflicting and exploiting pain. The child's mind is jarred by disconnections and jangled by jingles. Public television, especially now that *Sesame Street* is being shown, offers a miraculous antidote, but its share of TV programing is still very small.

The cultural atmosphere in general is far from nourishing as the child grows older. Honest experimentation in the arts, always essential, is being seriously weakened by ignorance of or contempt for the past. An epidemic of imitativeness is enfeebling the development of necessary new techniques and perceptions. Shoddiness and ineptness are disguised as legitimate exercises in subjectivity or expressionism. The total result is hardly a triumph for creativity or the rational process.

The most deleterious influence of all is exerted by the national sovereign state. The government of the United States was conceived by men who believed it possible for a nation to become a moral instrument. They rejected the notion of a double standard under which the state can itself be immoral, mendacious, brutal, or irrational while demanding that its citizens adhere to a code of responsibility and reason. That noble conception of the American Founding Fathers, however, has no standing in today's world. The national sovereign state not only relies on force but resists every effort to replace force with workable codes of law. Available force now amounts to an equivalent of 20,000 pounds of TNT for every human being on earth. Nothing else is produced by man in such abundance. This force, if used, could make the world a desolate waste. Even without being used, the nuclear potential shapes the morality, or lack of it, of nations. In their dealings with each other, the sovereign nations do not hesitate to lie, cheat, be short-tempered and abusive.

The individual has a tendency to imitate the state. He cannot be expected to stand totally free of the one institution that overshadows all others. Even when he seeks to resist the violence and irrationality of the state, he tends to speak the language of the state and to adopt its own temper.

The problem of youth today is the problem of the total society—how best to return to the rule and style of reason. The taming of men cannot be separated from the taming of nations.

—N. C.

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Letters to the Editor

Dreams of Youth

WALLACE ROBERTS has misrepresented the American Dream in his editorial "The Young Protestants" [*SR*, Dec. 27]. It is possible that he is too young to have had contact with the real Dream. I am old enough to remember; I grew up among the dreamers and staunch supporters of the Great American Dream.

Our forefathers were not starry-eyed romantics. They did not aspire to a perfect society—by any means. The clichés Mr. Roberts quoted were not a part of the Dream, but grew out of events that occurred during the history of our country. They never heard of GNP, and certainly never intended to wipe out ethnic, cultural, and regional differences. This is proved by the fact that the states' rights to self-government were preserved in the Constitution.

As for passing laws to adjust malfunctions, the keystone of the American Dream is the protection of citizens *from* laws. The real American Dream is a nation of free individuals. In this country every man should live as he pleases. He should choose his own objectives according to his values and use his own ingenuity to obtain them, his only limit being the freedom of the other citizens. This is a tough philosophy and not for weaklings. No citizen is responsible for anyone but himself and his family. Every man must rise or fall by his own efforts.

The government is not a static organization to coerce the people; neither can they lean on it nor blame it for their failures.

The government is no more and no less than the people, changing according to the will of the majority. For nearly forty years the government has reflected a frightened, security-seeking citizenry. This is the result of the Depression years and is the frame of mind described by Roberts as "the American Dream." It is no part of the real Dream, but a deviation from it.

It is not a new Dream our young people seek, but the old one. They are young, strong, and not afraid of freedom. God grant that they will use their talents and their votes to re-establish the great, unique, American Dream that is their heritage.

F. LANGHORNE WHITEHEAD,
Havertown, Pa.

Via Songmy

I AM APPALLED at the cynicism that causes N. C. in his editorial "The Road to Songmy" [*SR*, Dec. 20] to refer to the 1954 Geneva-proposed elections in Vietnam as "countrywide free elections." It was precisely because no international supervision of the elections was to be allowed north of the 17th parallel that the United States wanted no part of it. The elections were to be held in 1956 and by that time they would have been as "free" in the north as any election that currently takes place in China, the Soviet Union, East Germany, or a host of other communist countries.

Strangely, the South Vietnamese proposal to the Geneva Convention, which today would be hailed by both liberal and conservative alike, was never given any consideration, nor has it received any publicity in the last ten years of our serious involvement in Vietnam.

EDWIN LEVI,
Englewood, N.J.

MUCH has been written in *SR* lately about education for sensitivity. In his recent editorial N. C., by implication at least, has really suggested a practical program for humanizing all of us—not just what might have been, but what can be, done.

I showed the editorial to several people (seemingly sensitive) who do not share N. C.'s philosophy, or mine. Their reaction, predictably I suppose: "It won't work—the other side will not use the same methods." When I observed that this approach only makes us ever more like our enemies, these sensitive people (no sarcasm intended) could only shrug and say that that is the way it must be in a world like this.

ROBERT D. LUDDEN,
Sterling, Ill.

WE ARE fighting an enemy whose prime tactic is massacre, and although we deplore it, we should not be wholly surprised if some of it wipes off on some of our men. Songmy is only one of many massacres in Vietnam. I say, an end to all of them! But abject surrender to the aggressors from the north will only open the door to a new flood of decimations.

REV. EVERETT F. BRIGGS,
Catholic Churches of Monongah,
Monongah, W.Va.

Five Percenter

I AM the "young student at Ohio State University" who R. J. Monaco in "You're Only as Young as They Think You Are" [*SR*, Dec. 27] said was given "$48,000 to produce a series of short educational films." I wish this were true, because then I could stop worrying about how to pay the January rent.

The amount is correct, but the recipient of the money is a professional animator in New York City. My contract is to write the scripts in return for a 5 per cent royalty.

If a typewriter can be considered a film production company, then I do, indeed, have my own production company.

CONRAD G. P. SMITH,
Columbus, O.

Mis-stated

THE SKYLINE has changed indeed since Wilson Sullivan writing in "Back to the Hub" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Dec. 20] was a youth in Boston. And what a task it must have been to move Mount Monadnock from New Hampshire to Maine.

JOSEPH N. ULMAN, JR.,
Bethany, Conn.

"Of course we'll manage, Betty Ann. Two can opt out as easily as one."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Couples at Odds

NEIL SIMON'S position among American playwrights eludes exact description. Although *Variety* has determined that his current $45,000-a-week income from Broadway establishes him as the most successful and popular playwright in the history of the theater, there is a temptation to dismiss his work as shrewdly crafted laugh-inventing.

On the other hand, it is apparent that his plays, particularly the more recent ones, have an integrity that earns him a somewhat higher position than a great many of our other comic playwrights. For one thing, he creates characters who are recognizable inhabitants of urban middle-class society. These characters are accurately observed, and their experiences are never the wish-fulfilled ones most comic writers please their audiences with. Similarly, he refuses to bend his plots in order to make some preconceived statement. He presents his unmomentous stories as honestly as he can, and trusts us to take from them whatever new insights we happen to find. Finally, he is a master at allowing trivial considerations to become more influential than the larger issues in the life of his play, which is the essence of naturalistic contemporary comedy.

Both the virtues and the limitations of Simon's insistence upon staying within the confines of his own talent can be seen in his latest hit, *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*. Its protagonist, Barney Cashman, is played by James Coco as a timid, overweight, balding man of no distinction. His pathetic predicament is that at the age of forty-seven he suddenly realizes that, although life has been very kind to him, it has also gone out of its way to ignore him. Therefore, he has decided to have a quick extramarital fling with the first moderately attractive woman who is willing.

The play shows us three abortive attempts at seduction. But in each, any sexual excitement generated is completely doused by Barney's nervousness and the self-centered insensitivity to him on the part of the women who have casually agreed to rendezvous in the pitifully unromantic surroundings of Barney's mother's apartment.

The first episode is with Mrs. Navazio, a married woman who requires more sexual gratification than she is getting from her husband and who therefore accepts the invitations of other men on the chance that they may furnish her with impersonal moments of physical pleasure. Linda Lavin is splendid in this role, puncturing Barney's every attempt at ardor with a coldly realistic pragmatism. When he speaks softly to her, she slashes at his attempted tenderness by telling him, "I don't find it sexy. I find it hard to hear." Miss Lavin's fierce concern with knowing the exact temperature of the situation every step of the way has a near-tragic intensity, but at the same time it perfectly provokes Barney's discomfort and frustration to make this episode the funniest of the three.

Act II depicts Barney's second try, this time with a paranoiac pop-singer named Bobbi Michele. Bobbi, played nicely by Marcia Rodd, is obsessed with her own unsuccessful career, and whenever Barney begins to get romantic, she dispels the mood with compulsive talk, or by breaking into song. She also startles him with the confession that she is living with a weird woman, "a great vocal coach if you don't mind getting whipped."

Somehow Bobbi talks sex away, and they end up merely smoking marijuana together. Here James Coco's frightened reluctance, followed by his inept efforts to go along with the adventure, is hilarious. Indeed, we now begin to suspect that Barney's need is not for sex nor for love, but just to be able to picture himself as a sometime swinger.

The final episode is with his best friend's wife, Jeanette Fisher, whose melancholy moralizing hardly enhances the atmosphere. "Aren't you appalled by all the promiscuity you find everywhere?" she asks, only to have Barney sadly reply, "*I* don't find it anywhere." But just as great an obstacle to romance as anything in the dialogue is the simple fact that Jeanette persists in clutching her pocketbook. Barney's continued attempts to persuade her to put it down as the *sine qua non* of any first approach to intimacy is marvelous comic byplay, and an example of how Simon can make minor detail carry more weight than deeper feeling.

Linda Lavin is the first of James Coco's amusingly tepid "affairs."

Robert Moore has directed the comedy most skillfully, never letting the proceedings quite spill over into sentimentality, and at the same time abjuring any too prolonged excursions into the impersonality of pure farce. And Oliver Smith's setting of a seedy apartment reeks of the dreary ordinariness Barney is seeking to escape.

While we are entertained by *Last of the Red Hot Lovers*, and recognize its verisimilitude, there remains a certain disappointment that it seldom heats up into the kind of lively farce promised by its title, that our involvement with the characters is not very strong, and that the play wanders through its three random episodes to no apparent end. However, this disappointment is probably inherent in the playwright's deliberate choices. For Neil Simon does what he sets out to do honestly and wisely.

At the American Place Theatre, *Five on the Black Hand Side* by Charlie L. Russell hits some delightful comic peaks as it tells the rather old-fashioned story of a strict and pompous husband, whose wife successfully revolts against his domination. The modernity of the play lies in the fact that the wife uses methods taught her by her youngest son, who is a committed radical agitator. But happily Mr. Russell doesn't permit the political undertones, which presumably reflect his own attitude, to inhibit the play's unrestrained joking and amusingly exaggerated characterizations.

The New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater production of Charles Gordone's *No Place to Be Somebody* at the ANTA Theatre is the latest in the series of resident theater events that have made such a large contribution to this Broadway season. The play emerges with the same vigor it had originally [THE THEATER, May 31, 1969]. Indeed the playwright has rewritten the role of a dream character who prophesies about the struggle ahead. The play moves a little closer to its objective of defining the dilemma of its symbolic protagonists.

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An essay review of "False Witness," by Melvin Rader (University of Washington Press, 209 pp., $6.95), "Enough Rope," by Arthur V. Watkins (Prentice-Hall, 302 pp., $6.95), and "The Anti-Communist Impulse," by Michael Parenti (Random House, 333 pp., $7.95)

Our Years of Fear

by THOMAS I. EMERSON

As the world moves on, the American public has begun to accept a somewhat different view of communism and the communist threat to America. This shift is reflected in many ways. The House Committee on Un-American Activities was forced to change its name and mandate, and the successor House Committee on Internal Security no longer gets the headlines. The Smith Act, the registration provisions of the Internal Security Act, and other sedition laws are being invoked against communists only to the minor degree necessary to keep the Subversive Activities Control Board alive. The government loyalty programs have apparently eased off slightly. Academic freedom, so far as anti-communist pressures are concerned, stands on a firmer footing; communist teacher Angela Davis can receive mass support at Governor Reagan's university. Not that repression no longer exists in this country. It does—particularly with respect to the black militant leadership. But reliance on anti-communism as a device for enforcing orthodoxy has tapered off.

As a result we can look at America's anti-communist phenomenon with more objectivity than at any time in the last half century. Although such scrutiny will not by itself open our society fully to radical thought and political action, it may yield relevant insights regarding current unorthodox groups and movements such as the Black Panthers.

Three current books are valuable for this purpose. Two deal with specific episodes in the anti-communist campaigns of the past two decades. The third undertakes a broad-scale inquiry into the nature of anti-communism and its effect upon national policy.

In *False Witness* Melvin Rader, professor of philosophy at the University of Washington, reviews his experiences in being falsely labeled a member of the Communist Party and his struggle to refute the charge. The main bout was with Washington state's Committee on Un-American Activities in 1948. The affair, which received considerable public attention at the time, has been described by others. Now, after twenty years, Professor Rader gives his personal account. A simple, straightforward narrative, with little attempt at theorizing, it carries complete conviction.

Rader, an old-time liberal, had just enough association with such organizations as the American League Against War and Fascism to bring him to the attention of the witch-hunters. When the Committee undertook to ferret out subversives at the University of Washington, Rader was called as one of the prime suspects. The Committee's professional informer, George Hewitt, testified that Rader was a member of the Communist Party and had attended a secret school for communists at Kingston, New York, in 1938. Rader denied this and was ultimately able to prove that he was vacationing in Washington at the time. But the Committee was stuck with Hewitt's testimony and, since Hewitt was also a professional witness in various anti-communist proceedings conducted by the federal government, every effort was made to preserve his credibility. The Committee whisked him out of Seattle before he could be held on perjury charges; it seized and suppressed evidence that

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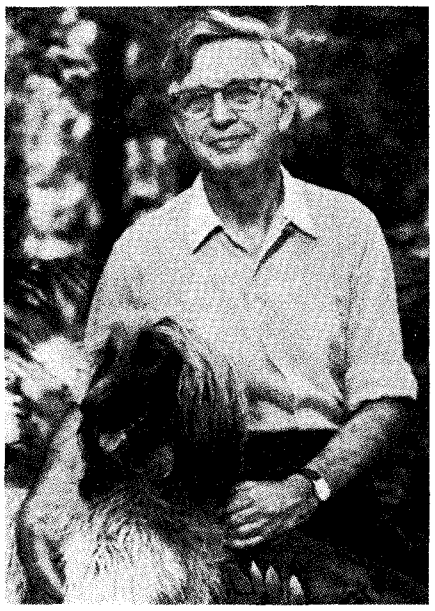

—Wiles and Thomas, Seattle.

Melvin Rader—"falsely labeled."

proved Rader's contention. Not only did the New York police refuse to arrest Hewitt as requested by the Washington authorities, a New York court, in a most unjudicial proceeding, declined to extradite him.

The tale movingly depicts the strains of facing a legislative committee, the disruptions of life and career, the agonizing dilemma of friends trying to decide whether to support or not support the accused. In very personal terms the author demonstrates the devastating impact upon the community — town and gown — of anti-communist hysteria. Rader also casts light on some of the problems inevitably associated with a political movement that operates in part underground.

Most important of all, perhaps, Rader's account is significant for what it discloses about the political morality, or rather immorality, of official leadership in America at the time. Responsible officers of the government, both federal and state, are shown callously ready to violate their own laws and sacrifice an innocent person in the interest of "fighting communism." The corruption extended not only to politicians in the legislature, but to prosecutors and police charged with the administration of justice, and even to the court itself. Some officials proved to be honest and courageous, and eventually Rader prevailed. But the stench remained. One is hardly surprised that so many of today's youth have concluded that our institutions and leadership are rotten at the core and that democratic ideals of justice and integrity are a sham.

In *Enough Rope,* former Senator Arthur V. Watkins of Utah provides a view of anti-communism from a totally different angle. His book is the inside story, as he saw it, of the censure of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy by the Senate in 1954. Watkins was chairman of the Senate Committee that investigated the charges against McCarthy and recommended censure.

A prominent figure in the Mormon Church, Senator Watkins is an old-fashioned conservative with roots in the frontier. Although he has the steadfast virtues of a man with that background and disposition, he accepted the anti-communist dogma without hesitation and probably without examination. One cannot expect from him, therefore, an analysis of the roots or principles of McCarthyism. Rather, his book is a mild and somewhat dull recapitulation of the operations of the Watkins Committee, the debate in the Senate, and other circumstances surrounding the censure. Unsophisticated in style and substance, *Enough Rope* has as much value for what may be discerned between the lines as for what may be found in them.

Senator Watkins's report does not disclose anything essentially new about the McCarthy censure. Much of the story is taken from the official record. But the book is a good summary of the main events and includes some interesting sidelights. More important, it is a revealing portrait of a genteel conservative reacting with fortitude and sustained by prayer in his attempts to deal with the rowdy tactics of America's most accomplished anti-communist.

It is instructive to be reminded of the reasons for McCarthy's censure. Despite the outraged cries of his supporters, McCarthy was not censured because he was anti-communist. Mr. Watkins is careful to point out that his own anti-communist credentials are impeccable. Nor did the Senate act because McCarthy was recklessly using the anti-communist issue to delude and inflame the public for his political advantage, at the expense of his hapless victims. The Senator from Wisconsin was not even censured because he was a liar and misappropriated funds for his personal use. McCarthy was censured because his temperament and style carried him to a point where he was breaking the rules of the Senate establishment. He refused to appear before the Gillette Committee to explain his finances, and he challenged the good faith and competence of his fellow Senators in the language of ward, rather than senatorial, politics.

McCarthy's conduct in the censure affair continues to be puzzling. Senator Watkins makes it clear that McCarthy could have avoided censure by showing some signs of repentance, even though he may not have meant them seriously. But this he refused to do. McCarthy virtually insisted upon censure. And after censure, for reasons that are not really explained, he went into a decline from which he never recovered.

Some of the incidental matters found in Senator Watkins's story are of interest. He confirms that President Eisenhower took no part in the McCarthy censure. Watkins complains that Lyndon Johnson, then Democratic leader in the Senate, tricked him into believing that his re-election was assured, and then campaigned against him. The 30,000 letters received by Senator Watkins during the censure proceedings, mostly from McCarthy supporters, afford a glimpse into the dark reaches of the virulent anti-communist mentality.

While the Watkins book does not go into the deeper issues of McCarthyism—indeed does not purport to do so—*Enough Rope* does provide significant insight into the conception of the "communist problem" held by an important segment of the society. The author makes wholly clear how remote was the possibility that the well-intentioned, conservative leadership of the nation would respond with understanding or imagination to the issues raised by, or implied in, the communist movement at home or abroad. Senator Watkins's recital likewise reveals some of the same pattern as the Rader book: the failure of leadership to live up to the fundamental principles of the political order it professed to uphold.

Michael Parenti's *The Anti-Communist Impulse* is an ambitious attempt to explain anti-communism in demonological terms, to refute it in rational terms, and to trace its impact upon the course of American life. Parenti examines the anti-communist view of communism as an international conspiracy ruthlessly dedicated to expansion; he explores the anti-communist attitude toward communist "ideology" and its failure to distinguish between the words and the actions of the communist world, and describes the anti-communist tendency to see the communist as at once inhuman, subhuman, and superhuman. Parenti then reviews briefly the historical, cultural, and political background of anti-communism in the United States. He argues that anti-communism has become the American way of life, permeating all ideas and institutions, and shows how liberals have attempted to outdo conservatives in making claims to anti-communist orthodoxy, thereby in effect reducing the American polit-

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ical system to a one-party affair. In the remainder of the book, almost two-thirds, he analyzes the disastrous effects of blind anti-communism upon our foreign policy.

Such a summary, of course, does not do justice to the content of the study. Parenti makes a valiant effort to demonstrate the manifold irrationalities of the anti-communist position and to bring us to our senses. He writes with passion, and most of what he says is convincing—at least to me. As a political tract his book serves an eminently useful purpose and deserves a wide reading.

Yet one cannot say that *The Anti-Communist Impulse* makes a profound or lasting contribution to our understanding of the anti-communist phenomenon in America. The main difficulty is that Parenti does not probe very deeply. The concept of anti-communism as demonology, not a novel idea, does not itself take us far. And the author's search for the roots of anti-communism barely gets beneath the surface.

For example, Parenti starts with the premise: "If America has an ideology, or a national purpose, it is anti-communism." We could more accurately assert that if America has an ideology or national purpose it is one that has grown out of its New World, *laissez-faire*, technological background, and that communism is only one threat to which it has reacted. There are various possible challenges to the American status quo, and the American establishment is opposed to all of them. Parenti appears to recognize this to-

(*Continued on page* 49)

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1380

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1380 will be found in the next issue.

VGRGUEFELH FIRLELUL ER SOXIAWPERT KIAS OVVISU CYOR KIA YGQO VISTIUUOR KIAS GEH.

—TOISTO LGRUGKGRG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1379

Only those who get into scrapes with their eyes open can find the safe way out. —L. P. SMITH.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Scientists and Ethics

IN HIS ESSAY "Atomization of the Human Spirit" [*SR*, Dec. 27] John Lear suggests that the scientific élite "ought not to be condemned but . . . challenged to justify its claim to privilege." He then notes that "Curiously, no challenge worth mentioning" is made in the books under review.

Far more curious would be the appearance of such a challenge. Exemption from ethical appraisal has for centuries been the compelling attraction of work in science; to many it has seemed indeed the unfailing criterion of genuinely scientific endeavor. Demands that science prove its moral worth were thus not only not heard but almost inconceivable.

Surrounded as they are, however, by growing professionalisms—in trades and crafts as well as in engineering, social work, dentistry, even cosmetology (not to mention the standard areas of law, medicine, theology)—scholars and scientists are beginning at last to cast critical glances not only at one another but, *mirabile dictu*, at themselves as well. A change toward scientific ethical consciousness may be on the way.

One cannot safely take it for granted, however. We may see instead an intensification of the pure-applied dichotomy, with the one segment pure, free-wheeling, and amoral; the other, "really engineering," subject to standards and codes of conduct. Or a single ethic may emerge, but be ambiguous and vague, and hence without significance.

In any case, the change will inevitably be slow and painful. What I find surprising therefore—albeit heartening—is the fact that this revolutionary way of regarding themselves has been adopted by one small handful of scientists.

CECIL MILLER,
Manhattan, Kans.

Productive Friendship

IT IS OBVIOUS that the reviewer of *The Roman Years of Margaret Fuller* [*SR*, Dec. 20] has never read the letters of Emerson, or the memoir which he, with two of her other friends, published after Margaret's tragic death.

Emerson's friendship with Margaret was one of the most important of his life. He did not escape her criticism, but "Cordially do I greet the reproof," he said, when she criticized his coldness to his friends. He pleaded that if he "counted and weighed," he "*loved* also," and that the very naming of his friends' names made him warm and glad in his solitude. To no one, not even to Carlyle, did he write with the freedom and zest which his letters to Margaret show. And whole paragraphs written about her in his journal were transferred to his essays as observations on "Woman."

Emerson was particularly free from petty vanity, and frankness, which Margaret specialized in, never "repelled" him. The ten-year period of his friendship with her, before she went to Europe, was the most productive of his life. She made frequent visits to the Emerson home, and the correspondence between her and Emerson was voluminous and frequent. He was on a lecturing tour in England in 1847, and wrote to Margaret in Rome, urging her to go back to Concord with him.

After news of her death came, he made a long entry concerning her in his diary, ending thus: "I have lost in her my audience. I hurry now to my work, aware that I have few days left."

NORA B. CUNNINGHAM,
Chanute, Kans.

Acknowledgment Due

I MUST SAY I find it rather surprising that in his otherwise comprehensive and incisive review of *Dilemmas of Change in Soviet Politics* [*SR*, Nov. 22] Harrison E. Salisbury neglects to mention that the symposium had first appeared in the bimonthly journal *Problems of Communism*, published by the U.S. Information Agency, Washington, D.C. In his preface the editor of *Dilemmas of Change*, Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski, graciously acknowledges his debt to the journal and its editors "for stimulating this discussion, [and] providing it with intellectual direction."

I feel somewhat awkward about quoting Mr. Brzezinski, without whose original essay and "Concluding Reflections" neither the original symposium nor the book would have seen the light of day, but I do think that your readers should have been apprised of the relationship of the book to our journal.

ABRAHAM BRUMBERG,
Editor, *Problems of Communism*
Washington, D.C.

The Long, Long Regnal Years

ACCORDING TO PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS [*SR*, Dec. 27], George III was king of England "for a long time—from 1738 to 1820."

For some reason George III's year of birth has been taken as the beginning of his kingship, instead of the date he ascended the throne—1760. While George and his mother would doubtless have agreed that a king is formed by character, not circumstance, the length of his formal reign was sixty years, not eighty-two.

LAWRENCE WAUGH,
St. Louis, Mo.

GEORGE III WAS KING for sixty years; but his grandfather, George II, reigned during the first twenty-two years of the life of George III.

RICHARD R. WOOD,
Riverton, N.J.

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Mavericks

THE AGE OF PROTEST: Dissent and Rebellion in the Twentieth Century

by Norman F. Cantor

Hawthorn, 368 pp., $8.95

EXCEPT FOR ITS TREATMENT of the crisis at Columbia University, *The Age of Protest* is not based on original research, yet it is a work of solid scholarship. This interesting and significant book tells the story—always with talent and spirit—of a little more than a dozen instances of protest or rebellion that have taken place in the twentieth century. These include happenings the results of which are still felt as fresh wounds when we read the front pages of our newspapers—*e.g.*, the events that led up to the partition of Ireland in 1922, the events in Russia that led up to the Bolshevik Revolution, the events that culminated in the partition of India.

The book tells also of things that have been happening before our own eyes in the last few years, such as the civil rights and the so-called black liberation struggles in the United States in the 1950s and 1960s, and the turmoil on the Berkeley and Columbia campuses. It also describes happenings that on the whole have dropped out of the public consciousness but which still have continuing significance, such as the mutinies in the French army in April 1917 and the struggle for women's suffrage in England.

Indeed, the tone of the book is set in the first chapter, which recounts the story of the Pankhursts and their actions on behalf of women's suffrage. Though Norman Cantor, avoiding didacticism, seldom draws a parallel between past happenings or actions and the present scene in the United States, the reader cannot avoid experiencing rather often the shock of recognition. This occurs a number of times as one reads about the doings of the British suffragettes, especially when they were at the height of their struggle in the years 1912-1914. It is clear from the story that, had they lived in concentrated areas instead of being diffused throughout the country, they would have started riots such as those we recently witnessed in Harlem, Watts, and Newark. Mr. Cantor quotes from a London newspaper report:

> A band of women set out on such a window-breaking campaign in the principal streets of the West End as London has never known. For a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, nothing was heard in the Strand, Cockspur Street, Downing Street, Whitehall, Piccadilly, Bow Street or Oxford Street but the falling, shattered glass. . . . The attack was begun practically simultaneously. It was one of the busiest periods of the day. Suddenly women, who a moment before had appeared to be on peaceful shopping expeditions, produced from bags or muffs, hammers, stones, and sticks. . . .

The women slashed the upholstery in railway carriages, poured jam down mailboxes, mutilated paintings in art galleries, cut telephone wires and put in false fire alarms, planted homemade bombs; they set fire to railway stations, a football stadium in Cambridge, and a number of churches. They went on hunger strikes. They taunted and spat on policemen. Like some militants today, they asked for instant compliance with their demands; they would take no promises but demanded "immediate enfranchisement." They staged mammoth public processions and mass meetings: at one such demonstration in London anywhere between a quarter- and a half-million people attended. In a word, almost all the types of action, from passive resistance to symbolic speech, harassment and violence, that have become familiar in our current protest movements were tried out first by Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the "Matriarch of Protest," and her followers fifty or more years ago. Black and SDS militants have been far less inventive than most people are aware.

While the book as a whole is a commendable performance, there are occasional flaws that have a jarring effect. A little more care in checking facts would have avoided them. For example, in the chapter "Black Liberation in the United States," Mr. Cantor states that the sit-ins were "illegal in the strictest sense." The record of the sit-in cases in the United States Supreme Court will not support this judgment. He says that the Poor People's March on Washington in April 1968 was a miserable failure which further discredited the nonviolent form of protest. The fact is, the present concern with hunger and malnutrition in the United States is largely the result of that march and of the demonstrations, led by Dr. Ralph Abernathy, at the Department of Agriculture.

When tracing the history of the black race in the United States as background for its current struggle for complete equality and justice, the author says that Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, was, ironically, "unable to accept blacks as human beings." Actually, Jefferson had included in his original draft of the Declaration of Independence a charge against the British King for having waged "cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere . . . determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought and sold." The entire paragraph was deleted by Congress. In his *Notes on Virginia* Jefferson, referring specifically to slavery, argued that the liberties of men are given by God, asked rhetorically if these liberties could ever be violated without incurring the wrath of God, and then added that scorching sentence which many Americans have, with good reason, recalled time and again in the last few years: "Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just: that his justice cannot sleep forever . . ."

One more example of a momentary lapse of thoroughness in scholarship: In writing of the indifference of the Russian ex-serfs to revolutionary propaganda, Mr. Cantor states that their quiescence was so demoralizing to the revolutionaries "that it occasionally led them to applaud the anti-Jewish pogroms that regularly broke out in Russia." This interpretation overlooks the considerable evidence of deep-rooted anti-Semitism in the socialist and anarchist movements and their ideological leaders uncovered by scholars, most notably Edmund Silberner (the extensive literature on this subject has been ably summarized by George Lichtheim in a recent *Dissent*).

What conclusions does the author draw from his examination of various twentieth-century protest movements? The following are some: 1) Protest movements have rarely been led by workers; they are a middle-class phenomenon. They follow from middle-class alienation from society and a will to take power away from the establishment. 2) The middle-class character of the protest movements and the primary role of moral issues tend to give the enemy a sense of guilt, which has a paralyzing effect and without which such movements would not succeed. 3) All such movements resort to extreme rhetoric and to the branding of the opposition and of the attacked institutions as thoroughly evil, without any redeeming virtues. 4) Since such movements feed on publicity, television has been a big help to them.

One may suspect that these and oth-

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er, more obvious conclusions have been reached from the stance of the present. The experiences of the 1950s and 1960s have prominently disclosed these and other features that protest movements seem to share. It would be important to have a study of such movements in modern history preceding the twentieth century, to compare them one with another as one would compare specimens of a genus to detect similarities and differences, for only then could we have a scientific study of the protest movements of the twentieth century, and only then could we see if and why the first six decades may properly be identified as the Age of Protest. Mr. Cantor's book does not, however, give us the historical background against which the title of his book may be justified, nor is his study strictly a comparative one. The conclusions he formulates in the final chapter are impressionistic generalizations.

Only toward the very end of his study does Cantor say: "In the long perspective of history, twentieth-century protest movements are revealed as the continuation of a pattern that began in the twelfth century and was given new impetus by the French Revolution in the late eighteenth century; the pattern of change by which newly prosperous and educated groups in society assert their right to political importance and power status consonant with their economic and intellectual capacities." But Mr. Cantor does not share with his readers that long perspective of history. Here is a fine subject for a lifetime of research by a historian who could combine Sir William Holdsworth's infinite capacity for and patience with details, and Lord Acton's genius for comparing and synthesizing.

Despite its limitations, any reader can learn a great deal from the book about a recurring social phenomenon that is both unnerving and promising, destructive and creative, satanic and prophetic. Mr. Cantor modestly says in the preface that his work "could not be more than a preliminary survey of a very serious subject." Such a survey could be dull and deadly, or provocative and exciting. Mr. Cantor's is full of live nerves; it deals on every page with movers and shakers, and this fact constantly comes through though the author never seems to resort to contrived high pressure. He lets the facts, infused with life, speak for themselves.

Milton R. Konvitz

Milton R. Konvitz, professor at Cornell, is the author of "Religious Liberty and Conscience," among other books.

THE DECLINE OF RADICALISM: Reflections on America Today

by Daniel J. Boorstin

Random House, 142 pp., $4.95

THE DECLINE OF RADICALISM? It hardly looks that way. If any ideological tendencies seem to be in decline, they are liberalism and conservatism, at least centrist, Burkean conservatism. Radicalisms proliferate today to such an extent that if anyone does not call himself a radical, *he* may be thought dangerous. Certainly the word has lost its power to evoke fear and excitement in the minds of many ordinary citizens. In this sense one could paradoxically speak of a decline of "radicalism." But this is not what Daniel Boorstin means.

"The old radicalisms were themselves rooted in a sense of sharing. But nowadays those who pass for 'radicals' are in fact desperate *ego*litarians. They lack the sense of community and in them we witness the decline of radicalism." Thus what the author is trying to say is that the radicalism which he claims (a) is a search for meaning, (b) has a specific ideational content, and (c) is an affirmation of community (he identifies it with such people as the Quaker pacifists, the Abolitionists, the Mormons and the communist and socialist groups of the Thirties), is in decline, and the new, self-styled "radicals" are really the New Barbarians.

Exactly who are these despoilers of the nation? We are told that "while they are not numerous anywhere—comprising perhaps less than 2 per cent of our two hundred million Americans—they pose a special threat precisely because they are diffuse, wild, and disorganized." But despite teasing references to the New Left (now rapidly aging), Student Powerites and Black Powerites, we are simply left to find our own Vandals.

One thing is certain: Professor Boorstin does not like whoever "they" are. Whereas it should be circumstantial, his essay is largely an abstract attack laden with invective, the animadversion perilously close to ranting: "My radicals (I was one of them) were real radicals; your radicals are Dead End Kids." This is hardly the *listening* and *arguing* essay we have had a right to expect from Professor Boorstin. It simply will not do to reduce, as he attempts to, the vision and critique of American society of all contemporary radical groups and individuals to a grab for Power. And when he complacently describes the universities as "the repositories of Experience" which are the objects of the assaults of the New Barbarians, who are, he alleges, only concerned with Power, it is entirely too much.

Actually "The New Barbarians: The Decline of Radicalism" is only the title essay in a collection that is an example of an increasingly common species of publication, the non-book. But there are non-books and non-books. The Bible, after all, is a kind of non-book. The trouble with the present specimen, attractively made though it is, is that the "chapters" do not really go together, nor do they fulfill what they attempt.

Seven pieces are loosely divided into two parts, each having something to do, so the author discovers in retrospect, with the contemporary "search for community." The three essays in the first part ("The Rise of the Average Man," "Welcome to the Consumption Community" and "From Charity to Philanthropy") professedly involve

some of the new forms of community that have arisen under typically American conditions. The articles in the second part ("The Perils of Indwelling Law," "Dissent, Dissension, and the News," "The End of Our Two-Party World" and the title article) theoretically deal with various sorts of threats to the sense of community. "These essays have been written in years when the disruptions of American community have reached a peacetime climax," the author notes. The uncritical use of "peacetime" is just a small indication of the inadequacy of these reflections.

Although Professor Boorstin necessarily begs the most basic questions about the nature and purposes of community, they are a central concern both of traditional American history and thought and of the newest movements, radical or otherwise. This reviewer, however, would switch the way the author relates the book's two parts to the problem of community. It seems to me that the "statistical community," the "consumption community" and to a lesser extent the "philanthropic community," whose rise Professor Boorstin ably describes in the first three chapters, are as much alienating developments as anything else. The trouble with being a member of a "statistical community" is simply that as such one tends to become a statistic. The very fact, as the author observes, that statistics are "becoming the most powerful statements of the 'ought'—displacers of moral imperative, personal ideals, and unfulfilled objectives"—should give

(*Continued on page 42*)

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"In the Verse Patch"

by ROBERT WALLACE

The irony of plenty, for quarterly reviewing, is that the more good books there are, the less space can be given to any of them. Every one of the books chronicled here deserves, and rewards, serious reading.

The handsome new edition of John Crowe Ransom's *Selected Poems* (Knopf, $5) includes about twenty poems from the early books, as well as eight "pairings"—older versions of poems juxtaposed with revised versions, accompanied by the poet's incisive commentaries explaining the changes. Although none of the recovered poems will add to Mr. Ransom's stature, it is good to have them with his blessing, and to hear in them the unmistakable voice. Such a poet's sharing of the process of his work is a welcome, exciting, and, I'm afraid, hazardous innovation. On balance, two fine poems seem to me lessened by the revisions: "Conrad Sits in Twilight" and "Here Lies a Lady." Still, it is a pleasure to have Mr. Ransom "in the verse patch again."

Robert Pack's fifth book, *Home from the Cemetery* (Rutgers University Press, $5), is impressive from beginning to end. There's not a poem in it that lacks the singularity of mastery: "My father slammed the refrigerator door/And did not return, he never returned at all." Moving in new directions, Mr. Pack produces a chorus of comic poems and satiric fables, and shows a startling new inwardness in poems that speak convincingly in the persona of a weasel or a stone. "The Stone" begins:

> If I could move. If my dark speck
> could become an eye,
> My rough edge an ear. If I could smell
> that dark shape hushed there—
> If it is there. If I could stretch to
> touch . . .

It goes on until one believes a stone might ask, "Would it hurt to grow a claw?" *Home from the Cemetery* is an accomplished book.

X. J. Kennedy's *Growing Into Love* (Doubleday, $4.50) comes as a worthy

successor to *Nude Descending a Staircase*, which is high praise. Swift and lively, one after another of these brilliantly edged poems wound at the same time they make us laugh, as in "Driving Cross-country":

> A room the same as last night's room,
> Exact same bath mat underfoot.
> In thrall to some unlucky charm,
> We hurtle; but, it seems, stay put.

The humor is almost always serious, comprehending, and deeply human. The skill that can write so simply of "a track/Where nothing travels now but rust and grass" marks a collection unvaryingly intelligent, fresh, moving.

There is hardly a poet who hasn't benefited from the easing of the pressure of formality in American poetry over the last decade. In Julia Randall's *Adam's Dream* (Knopf, $4.50) the poise of her *The Puritan Carpenter* has become muscular, flexible, as in "On a Picture of the Poet with Dog Oliver":

> It is good that we can take
> them with us, movie actresses, and
> pets,
> old Aztecs, Genghis Khan, and Goat
> McGuire,
> through the small eye of the lyre.

A few poems, even good ones like "Starlings," are immobilized by echoes of Thomas, Hopkins, or, more often, Yeats. But most of the sixty-nine poems in this varied book are colorfully full of the world, and are at the same time wiry, wise, and astonishingly pure. Try "Tallis's Canon," "Blue," "The Fascinating World of Fungi," "Legend," "A Meditation in Time of War," "Falling Dead."

Although anything after L. E. Sissman's *Dying: An Introduction* must seem an anticlimax, his *Scattered Returns* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $1.95) is a fine collection. The slightly macabre evocation of our urban time and place, of the recognizable near past, is amply present, notably in a thirty-two-poem sequence that logs details of four decades with chillingly unsentimental nostalgia. From "A Day Coach, 1944":

> Long sailors cocked up anyhow,
> asleep
> In the deep waters of the empty pint
> Across their knees; a soldier and a
> WAC
> Involved in one quite indivisible
> Vestment of khaki; out the window,
> miles.

One or two of the more occasional poems seem flat or petulant ("Visiting Chaos," "Clever Women"). But wit and understanding shine everywhere in *Scattered Returns*.

Stevie Smith is Stevie Smith, and *The Best Beast* (Knopf, $4.50), with its burden of gracious nonsense, gnomic ballads and spells, and merry lugubriousness, is a delight. There just isn't anybody else who can start a poem with "Why is the word pretty so underrated?" and get away with it, or imagine the frog prince asking, "But do other enchanted people feel as nervous/As I do?," or say with such outrageous calm, "Some children are born innocent, some achieve it." Everything she touches seems to have magic in it. But *there* keeps turning out to be *here*, and the most dazzling fancy ends up looking like nothing but the piercing truth:

> Yes, I should like poor honorable
> simple sweet prim Phèdre
> To be happy. One would have to be
> pretty simple
> To be happy with a prig like
> Hippolytus,
> But she was simple.
> I think it might have been a go,
> If I were writing the story
> I should have made it a go.

Robert Creeley typically reduces experience to its slightest form, to an abstraction, a notation—almost, when precise, a formula: "You want/the fact/of things/in words,/of words." When the technique succeeds it produces authoritative, tiny masterpieces like "I Know a Man" or "Joy," which go on unfolding with each new reading. When it fails it produces flat,

ROBERT WALLACE, associate professor of English at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, is the author of *Ungainly Things*, a collection of poems.

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vague, denatured nubs of poems, private statements, fragments, nuances that don't say what they are nuances about. The latter happens more often in *Pieces* (Scribners, $4.50) than in either *For Love* or *Words*, and this is exaggerated by the inconsistent use of dots separating stanzas or groups of stanzas and the often untitled poems, so that a reader can't always tell where poems begin or end without checking the table of contents. But there is enough vintage Creeley in *Pieces* to make it welcome. More won't go into less than he manages in "A Step":

Things
come and go.
Then
let them.

Kenneth Koch is the zany of American poetry, and *The Pleasures of Peace and Other Poems* (Grove, $3.95) is likely to be the wildest, funniest thing around until his next book. The title poem sets a wacky standard that all but three or four poems live up to, poems in which Mr. Koch falls off the tightrope and the divine inconsequence of his comedy turns into a kind of surreal gibberish that is only boring ("Irresistible," for instance). But it goes this way when it's right:

Who is this young man with the tremendous French horn in the garden
With a lady in lilac bending her head to catch each note
That flows, serene and unbidden, from the silvery throat?
I think they are strangers here. Stones fall in the pool.
She smiles, she is very witty, she bends too far, and now we hear
The sound of her lilac dress ripping in the soft summer air.
For it is summer! Hear the cool rush of the stream . . .

Although "The Two Countries" and "The Watchers" mark out new strength in Anne Stevenson's second collection, *Reversals* (Wesleyan University Press, $4), which reprints a number of poems from her first book, it is still the quiet voice finding the minor anguishes of a suburban woman that dominates. Miss Stevenson's touch is sure, as in "After Her Death":

the book he had meant to come back to
lay open on a bedside table,
oblivious to the deepening snow,
absorbed in its one story.

Deft, wry, and tough, the small poems in Michael Goldman's *At the Edge* (Macmillan, $4.95) transform the facts of the world around which they accrete. Whether topical or personal, all are vivid, luminous; and ten or so, including "A Picture in the News," "An Edge," "Staying On," "A Photograph of Theodore Roethke," and "Frogs," are dazzling in their clear stillness. Here is the end of "A Book in the Morning":

I pick up the book, breathing in
laurel, cold lake, honeysuckle,
waking up. The words on the next page
may be alive.

The poems in Marge Piercy's *Hard Loving* (Wesleyan University Press, $4) are aggressive, undeniably forceful, and outspoken both in love and in protest:

We can no longer shut out the screaming
that leaks through the ventilation system,
the small bits of bone in the processed bread . . .

Good, strong stuff. But Miss Piercy is a shouter, and the cumulative effect tends to be shrill. When she reaches into the metaphor box too often for yet another club to beat a theme with, whole poems go blank:

We fought and ripped till the blood broke through the skin
and the nerves went off like sirens
and the old and new wounds lit up in the dark like eyes.

The spare, highly colored poems in J. D. Reed's first book, *Expressways* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), focus on the violence on and around highways—wreck, drive-in movie, crushed possum, truck stop—as a microcosm of the American way of life:

Sprockets dangle in the weeds,
torn radiators gurgle,

and the dead wait under wool blankets,
expiring
like tungsten filament
in a hissing, broken headlight.

Full of love and anger, irreverent, quick—Mr. Reed's "local studs" have "sideburns long as knives"—this is a vigorous book.

Four other first books bristle with Americana, especially Middle Western scenes. Whatever their occasional unevennesses, each is distinctive and honest. American violence rises again and again in Gary Gildner's *First Practice* (University of Pittsburgh Press, $2.50):

Below my den, workmen chained to a manic saw
attack the dying elm. But that's the way
on this cheap street: you perform in the raw
circle of things, or lose.

David Steingass's *Body Compass* (University of Pittsburgh Press, $2.50) touches the ominous in the landscape: "The copperhead lies under small leaves,/Where he couldn't be." Or:

There are forces waiting
Without form,
Massive as the land.
And no one knows just where
The people disappear.

In *While Courting the Sergeant's Daughter* (Pym-Randall Press, $4) Nathan Whiting repeatedly produces an unforgettable obliqueness, as in these final lines from "The Cyclone That Took Great-Grandmother":

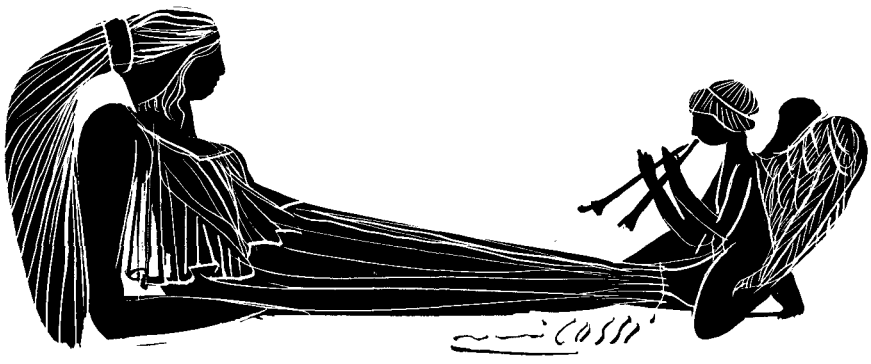
Years later, as she rewashed
the farm from herself,
she noticed in the wind
an unpainted piece of her home
reaching for her head.
She grabbed her thin prairie wrinkled skin
and drifted away from the washtub.

Ted Kooser's *Official Entry Blank* (University of Nebraska Press, $4.75) recalls, sometimes too prettily, a rural world rapidly disappearing. In "Windmill," "The windflower whirls upon its stem":

corsage of the homestead, weed of the West,

silver and silver and silver and
in an easy wind, showing its hothouse tag:
Fairbury, Dempster, Eli, Smith, Chicago Ace.

Richard Tillinghast has an accurate



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eye and a way with words. There are good things everywhere in *Sleep Watch* (Wesleyan University Press, $4). "The Creation of the Animals" is beautiful in James Dickey's mode. But too many poems seem indulgent, either in a kind of fuzzy near-mysticism without theology that attaches itself to anything at all ("the potted plants/lean towards me, older./I can see what they were thinking"), or in drowsy, unfocused meditations, usually near sleep, in which any odd thought or sensation is important because, as Mr. Tillinghast says, "I am in love with my thinking." He writes his own critique of such languor in the witty "La Vie Littéraire":

> Surly, unambitious
> the flies languidly
> loop the loop near the porch ceiling
> It is what passes for
> Spring here

In *A Lesson from the Cyclops and Other Poems* (Random House, $4), Raphael Rudnik's rhetoric outruns his subject in nearly every poem. But what dizzying cascades of language! Gentle, shamelessly impassioned, outrageously mocking, lilting, moody, leisurely, elegant, boisterous; archaism and slang cheek by jowl; love poems, Browningesque monologues, sonnets, fables, comic epics, lyrics, jeweled satires, eclogues, epigrams. Mr. Rudnik stands everything on its head, including his reader. Here's the finely wrought "Daphne":

> What could he do to leave as bare
> leaves grew
> Kissing clasped red buds grown
> above blue-
> Veined whiteness already terrible,
> true—
>
> What did he do to leave, as air leaves
> dew?

A Lesson from the Cyclops is a rambunctious, ambitious book.

TO GIVE AND TO HAVE AND OTHER POEMS

by Salvatore Quasimodo, translated from the Italian by Edith Farnsworth
Regnery, 185 pp., $7.95

SALVATORE QUASIMODO, 1959 Nobel Prizewinner, was born August 20, 1901, in Modica on the island of Sicily, which has produced, according to Luigi Barzini, more famous Italian writers than any other Italian region of comparable size—Verga, Pirandello, Vittorini, Lampedusa, to mention a few. Quasimodo translated Greek and Latin poetry, St. John, Shakespeare, and Molière, and modern poets including Pound and Cummings. In 1942 he published *Ed è subito sera* ("And Suddenly It's Evening"), containing original poems dating from 1920. This was followed by *Giorno dopo giorno* ("Day after Day," 1947) and by four shorter collections. The last one, *Dare e avere* ("To Give and to Have"), was posthumously published in 1966.

Quasimodo's poetry is mostly "difficult." He belongs to the so-called hermetic school, along with Ungaretti and Montale. His lyrics might be described as mood-poems stabbed through by a message. Usually the mood comes through easily, even to an inexperienced reader; the message, however, is often difficult to capture. Thus Quasimodo offers his reader a free gift, but expects him to pay for it.

The early poems are impregnated with pessimism and a sense of alienation. In those written during World War II the alienation tends to give way to a feeling of solidarity, and the style is much less hermetic. The concrete reality of war has forced its way into the poetry, the subjective individual has receded, and it is about mankind that we read. In the later poems, and particularly the last collection, the introspective note returns and the style becomes more closed. But, perhaps because he had known the feeling of solidarity, the bitter melancholy of the prewar poetry is assuaged. So long as man can struggle and love there may be hope. This new spirit is clearly revealed in the closing lines of "Tuscan Crossbowmen":

> . . . and the shots on the target
> told us that man does not die,
> that he is a soldier of love of
> continual victory.

and also in those of the poem whose title comes from its final line:

> recall that you can be the being of
> being
> only if love strikes you to the viscera.

Quasimodo's last collection also revealed a departure from his former exclusive concern with lyrical verse. Part II of *To Give and to Have* contained two examples of poetic drama, "Billy Budd," in which prose is interspersed with verse, and "The Love of Galatea: Myth in Three Acts." Part III included narrative verse: an adaptation of lines 651 to 735 of Book XXIII of Homer's *Iliad.*

Despite its title, this bilingual collection, which contains selections from all Quasimodo's published books, draws only on Part I of his final volume, thus omitting his experiments with dramatic and narrative verse. The book might therefore better have been called simply "Collected Poems." The translator, Edith Farnsworth, tells us that the early pieces are included in order to provide a perspective: "Thus, we can review the poetic methods as well as the philosophy of the great Sicilian poet, from their earliest to their final phases."

This end would have been better achieved had Miss Farnsworth made a more careful attempt to indicate, if only briefly, the stages in the poet's development. In her short preface she offers only a paragraph on his poetic

"Yup, I'm the one you're looking for. I am honest, I do my best to do my duty to God and my country, help other people at all times, keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

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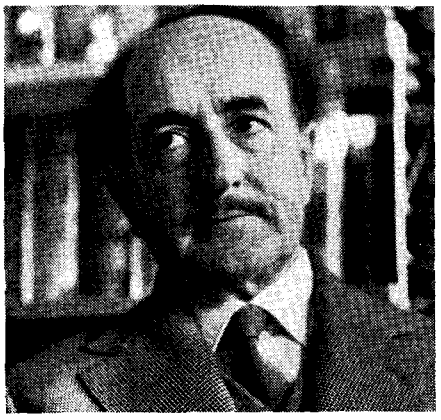
attitude as a whole, seen in contrast to that of another "alienated man," T. S. Eliot; a reference to his poetry of the war years, in which she notes a two-fold change: "from somnolence and introspection into anger and contempt" and a spreading of interest to lands far away from his own island, and a sentence or two on his final period, mentioning only the emergence of the "curious and subtle philosophy" expressed in these lines from his next to last collection: "I only search for dissonance, Alpheus, something further than perfection." Not only are her comments on Quasimodo's development inadequate, but the poems she has chosen do not illustrate it.

How difficult is it to translate Quasimodo? I would say that the difficulty lies far more in the understanding than in the act of translating. For some reason (or for many reasons) his poetry seems to invite a fairly literal translation. One may be the lack of rhyme and fixed meter. Then, there is the simplicity of his constructions and of his vocabulary, which consists largely of concrete words or abstract terms that are precise and not drenched in nuances. Nor do we find many idiomatic expressions that would require paraphrasing even to approximate the effect. But what about " . . . *il cane della lingua e la coda/d'armonie dell'irreale*"? *Cane* means "dog," *lingua* "tongue," *coda* "tail," *armonie* "harmonies," *irreale* "unreal." How can this be translated except as Edith Farnsworth does: " . . . the dog with tongue and tail of unreal harmonies"? It does not sound natural in English, but it sounds no more strange than does the original in Italian. If the translator has grasped the significance of this "dog," should he try to convey it by offering an interpretation instead of a more literal rendering? Surely not. What he might do is add a footnote. It is sorely needed in this volume.

Mark Musa

Mark Musa is professor of Italian and French at Indiana University.



Salvatore Quasimodo—"difficult."

THE PURSUIT OF POETRY

by Louis Untermeyer

Simon & Schuster, 318 pp., $6.95

TO THE MAKING OF BASIC GUIDEBOOKS to poetry there appears no end. That legendary soul, the man who yearns to know what a pantoum is, can now avail himself of dozens of glossaries, and even perhaps have his enjoyment of poetry quickened by a host of critical introductions to the subject. This manual differs from the rest in being also a good book for browsing, and in being by Louis Untermeyer.

More than fifty years' experience in helping readers discover poetry has equipped Mr. Untermeyer with a great collection of apt illustrations. He is a knowing and copious quoter. Clearly, too, *The Pursuit of Poetry* has benefited from its predecessors. Its dictionary of poetic terms is even better than Mr. Untermeyer's long-standard *Forms of Poetry*, and its discussions of the nature of poetry seem more pointed than some in his *Poetry: Its Appreciation and Enjoyment*.

Except for a few verbal echoes and some familiar ways of arranging things, the book seems a thoroughly fresh piece of work. Mr. Untermeyer has taken pains to show that he knows what's going on nowadays: there are entries on concrete poetry, on double dactyls (that jiggery-pokery comic form lately become popular), and on Projective verse (less an exposition than an attack), and, to illustrate "blues," a lyric by the Liverpudlian hipster Adrian Henri.

At heart Mr. Untermeyer remains an old-fashioned, meter-loving fan of the troubadours, with a sour eye for academic explication. In one of his seventeen introductory essays (rather sketchy treatments of how one defines poetry, its imagery, and so on), he assembles hilarious and doleful instances of misinterpretations by overly intellectual critics who shed fog instead of light. He blasts away at the corpses of the late New Critics. His personal fondnesses also invade the dictionary part of the book, in which definitions keep swelling into anthologies, and more space is devoted to the limerick than to free verse and the ode combined.

However, if he has his biases, Mr. Untermeyer is still a merry, generous, and properly reverent companion. I would much rather read him than the Princeton *Encyclopedia of Poetry and Poetics*, and his book (unlike many a more objective guidebook) shines forth with a large affection for its subject.

X. J. Kennedy

X. J. Kennedy is the author of "An Introduction to Poetry."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TO BEGIN WITH...

Each of these passages is the first in a well-known work of fiction or verse. Jo Ann West of Cheverly, Md., and Marilyn Estes Smith of Tarzana, Calif., who independently contributed suggestions for this quiz, ask you to assign each quotation to its author and to name the source. Any mysteries are unveiled on page 67.

1. She was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it. . . . ( )
2. Here is Edward Bear, coming downstairs now. . . . ( )
3. "What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade. ( )
4. The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could. . . . ( )
5. This is the story of Danny and of Danny's friends and of Danny's house. ( )
6. I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of good family. . . . ( )
7. I want a hero: an uncommon want. . . . ( )
8. On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of a garret. . . . ( )
9. On January 6, 1482, the people of Paris were awakened by the tumultuous clanging of all the bells. . . . ( )
10. The cell door slammed behind Rubashov. ( )

a. Byron
b. Defoe
c. Dostoevsky
d. Hugo
e. Kipling
f. Koestler
g. Milne
h. Mitchell
i. Poe
j. Steinbeck

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Artists

SAINT-GAUDENS AND THE GILDED ERA

by Louise Hall Tharp

Little, Brown, 419 pp., $8.50

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, one of the leading and best-loved sculptors of the nineteenth century, deserves an up-to-date, full-dress re-evaluation—a book that would bring into clearer focus the biography published in 1910 by an art editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, the writings of the artists's son Homer, and the many scattered pieces published in periodicals since the sculptor's death in 1907. Unfortunately, although Louise Hall Tharp has labored long and hard to make Saint-Gaudens and his era come alive, she has succeeded in merely marshaling, rather than evaluating, her myriad facts.

Mrs. Tharp has not included a bibliography, but from footnotes alone she may be judged an untiring researcher. She is thorough, having examined many documents and sources; she is experienced, having written *Mrs. Jack*, the life of Isabella Stewart Gardner, as well as nine other historical works including *The Peabody Sisters of Salem* and the story of the Agassiz family of Boston.

Still, facts are not enough. Unlike the usual "historical" person who has died leaving but normal memorabilia—no autobiography or the like—the artist has left a revealing record of himself in his work. It is first and foremost through his work that an artist deserves to be remembered. Biographical facts—beyond a respectably complete outline of major events— are secondary. Only in relation to his work can an artist be seen with fullness; only when the sources and development of his inspiration are examined with insight and understanding can his biography rise above mere antiquarian concern.

On page four of her 419-page biography of Saint-Gaudens, Mrs. Tharp, in the midst of a breathless summary of the sculptor's major works, attributes to her subject "that mysterious quality called genius." In the last paragraph of the last chapter, she tells us that the Saint-Gaudens sculptures in the memorial collection at Cornish, New Hampshire, contain "something that transcends bronze or marble. It is a sense of peace in a troubled world, a happy atmosphere of sun and shadow which is the sculptor's legacy."

Mrs. Tharp may know what she means by these two statements, but the reader is less certain, and between them lie many discouragingly big pages of fine print. In them Mrs. Tharp does not seek to surpass the critical evaluations just quoted. In fact, she scarcely evaluates Saint-Gaudens's work at all. She does not have time to. Each page is crammed with facts, facts, facts. To read Mrs. Tharp's book is a little like entering the clean, orderly, but enormous attic of a late lamented grandmother who has thrown away nothing — absolutely *nothing*—during her lifetime.

To begin with, there is the story of the sculptor's birth in Dublin in 1848 and of his French father's move to New York City, where he sets up a shoemaking shop. Then comes Augustus's early apprenticeship to a cameo cutter. In this part, as elsewhere, Mrs. Tharp works to set her stage with the meticulous accuracy of a Smithsonian Museum mockup. She tells about the church bells ringing when Lincoln was elected, she tells about the draft riots, she tells how Saint-Gaudens saw General Sickles reviewing troops, and she tells us that the General (who plays no further role in the artist's biography) had a beautiful wife who died young. She tells more than we want to read, but neglects even to touch on the obvious question of the influence —both in subject matter and technique—of Saint-Gaudens's early cameo-cutting career on his mature works.

The biography continues. We learn of Saint-Gaudens's first trip abroad to see the Paris Salon of 1868. He manages to earn enough from cameo cutting to stay on and study and see something of Europe. We learn that Gus liked to sing and swim and that Gus worked at Beaux-Arts studies "with all his might." During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, Gus journeys to Limoges, and shortly therafter he goes to Italy, where he settles down in a studio in the gardens of the Palazzo Barberini and begins to attract wealthy Americans as buyers, not only of cameos, but of the sculptures he has wanted to create all along. Here Mrs. Tharp impinges on the province of Henry James—the world of *Portrait of a Lady* and some of the short stories. What was to Henry James a world of subtleties and suggestions is to Mrs. Tharp only a shallow stage set for the adventures of a nice New York boy in Rome—a youth who, as Mrs. Tharp writes it, has no more three-dimensionality than George Washington does in the average children's book.

Saint-Gaudens's early romances, discreetly glossed over, are followed by the predictable marriage to Augusta Homer, the daughter of a Boston cotton merchant, who has come to Italy to copy great paintings in the galleries. We are told much about Augusta, an attractive young woman already growing deaf; almost nothing is said of the influence of the sculpture Saint-Gaudens also encountered in Italy. The statue of Admiral Farragut that Saint-Gaudens displayed in the Paris Salon of 1880 has been compared to Donatello's *Saint George*, and Henry Adams once described Saint-Gaudens as a descendant of Cellini "smothered in an American cradle." Such considerations, however, are of little concern to Mrs. Tharp, although she takes time to quote Augusta's long description of clothes she purchased in Paris.

Saint-Gaudens ascends to success and international acclaim after his first major sculptural commission, the Farragut statue for Madison Square in New York City, makes him famous.

—From the book.

Portrait in oil of Saint-Gaudens at work, by Kenyon Cox—"facts are not enough."

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He produces Boston's *Shaw Memorial*, a relief of a general on horseback leading a finely modeled group of Negro soldiers that cries out for comparison to the reliefs of Roman triumphal arches; and he does a shrouded and contemplative figure of a woman commissioned by Henry Adams for his wife's tomb in Washington, D.C. In addition to a seated statue of Lincoln for Chicago that was to influence Daniel Chester French's statue for the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, he also produced a naked and gilded *Diana* for McKim, Mead and White's Madison Square Garden, and, at the end, a General Sherman for the foot of Central Park. All of the above were major efforts, and there were other works too, yet the meaning, implication and basic conception of these works are never discussed.

Now that the age of allegorical and historical sculpture is gone, it is not enough to assume that a sculptor such as Saint-Gaudens was a "genius" and expect contemporary readers to revel in the minutiae of his life therefor. Is the Adams statue better than the *General Sherman*? Is the *General Sherman*, a work that many of us have passed hundreds of times without really seeing, improved or spoiled by the allegorical female figure of Victory striding before the horse? And what of allegorical sculpture in general?

Saint-Gaudens died in 1907, the same year that Picasso completed *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*. Saint-Gaudens's *Sherman* was started in 1892, the same year that Rodin began his nine-foot figure of Balzac. The gaps between Saint-Gaudens's Romanizing classicism and such works are obviously enormous. Although Mrs. Tharp says Saint-Gaudens was "always longing to do what he called 'the ideal,'" one wonders if the sculptor himself never questioned the conceptions of the prevailing taste of his era—or tired of them. The periods of nervousness and depression that Mrs. Tharp says afflicted Saint-Gaudens in later life may indicate that something was wrong. However, the author dims, rather than illuminates, the sculptor's inner life just as she veils, rather than explores, his relationship with Davida, the model-mistress by whom he had a son. "Davida was not only sweet; she was compliant," Mrs. Tharp writes, apparently considering that enough.

When Saint-Gaudens's considerable talents are re-evaluated, her biography may well provide some valuable background material. Taken alone, it is not sufficient.

Elisabeth Stevens

Elisabeth Stevens is a writer of fiction and articles about art.

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE: A Biography

by Charles Coleman Sellers

Scribners, 510 pp., $20

SINCE HIS PICTURES REMAIN and are greatly admired, Charles Willson Peale is today known primarily as a painter. But in his own time and his own mind painting was considered only one of his multitudinous activities. An epitome of the ingenious early-American jack-of-all-trades, Peale often shelved painting in favor of other pursuits. However, he could not stay away from his brushes for long.

In this quietly and delightfully written biography Charles Coleman Sellers describes Peale's career as his protagonist would have viewed it. Painting is emphasized primarily in the illustrations, of which there are many in both color and black-and-white. That every identification, both of artist and sitter, is as sure as human intelligence can make it we may be certain, since for more than thirty years Mr. Sellers has served with generosity and skill as consultant to the world, not only on the paintings of Charles Peale but also on Peale's seemingly innumerable artistic relatives. It may be regretted that the author did not consider it within the province of this volume to go into those matters of painterly style and artistic influences, which in Peale's case offer particularly fascinating problems and conclusions. However, this book has many virtues to make up for the lack.

We have here an account, written with grace and erudition, of a man's movement through the world. Mr. Sellers has adhered rigorously to chronology: we know from week to week where Peale went and what he was doing. When he made a new friend, the author, with a curiosity equal to his subject's, delves into the character and experiences of the newcomer. This can involve digressions of a page or two. The pace of the narrative is slow, but the movement is sure. If we allow ourselves to be led deliberately along, we discover that we are securing an interesting and diversified view of America during the Revolutionary generation. For Peale never encountered an open door through which he did not peek and, if possible, enter.

Peale started life as a Maryland saddler. He quickly taught himself a multitude of trades, including painting. The generosity of his patrons sent him to London to study art, a profession he stuck to for a while after his return. But the Revolution changed all that. Peale became a militia officer, doubling in the army camps as a painter recording the final likenesses of men about to be killed. He became a radical politician, had a nervous breakdown as the war ended, and recovered to use his artistic talents to celebrate the peace. He built a triumphal arch and invented a machine for dropping a laurel wreath on Washington's head, the theory being that the general would be too modest to accept it if it were offered in the conventional manner.

After the war Peale created moving pictures that were in essence elaborate puppet shows. He established a museum, originally conceived as a compendium of portraits of the founders of independence, but expanded until it became perhaps the world's first popular scientific museum of natural history. This involved Peale in a whole parade of ingenuities. He pioneered in creating "habitat groups," invented methods of taxidermy, and gave an impetus to American still-lifes by producing *trompe-l'oeil* images to amuse his visitors. He acquired the first complete mastodon skeleton to be excavated. Inventions of every sort poured from his brain, and whenever he picked up his brushes he wielded them with effect, surpassing the younger men when he was in his eighties.

In his personal life Peale was uxorious. His three wives presented him with squads of children (all discussed here), many of whom he trained as painters or naturalists. He was endlessly gregarious: in addition to hundreds of lesser men, Franklin and Jefferson were his friends. And Peale never hesitated to follow a crotchet. How could he resist startling passers-by by harnessing stuffed wild animals along with his horses?

Mr. Sellers is descended from Peale; his father published writings on the artist. The author, who was in possession of Peale's papers until he presented them to the American Philosophical Society, published his first book on Peale in 1939. This volume, then, is the distillation of more than one lifetime of effort. That fact could, as every scholar who has read "descendants' biographies" knows, be a disadvantage. But Sellers is a gifted writer who has done biographies of other men besides his ancestor. He brings to this account of Charles Willson Peale humor and detachment as well as familiarity and love.

James Thomas Flexner

James Thomas Flexner has published many books on the history of American painting.

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Fiction

FRAGMENTS

by Ayi Kwei Armah

Houghton Mifflin, 287 pp., $5.95

AFRICAN WRITING HAS BEEN in the doldrums of late. The Nigerian war has silenced some authors, the South African régime has exiled others. Apart from the still uncertain talent of James Ngugi, East and Central Africa have produced only novels of an engaging naïveté. Naïveté too has characterized the Ghanaian novel, and this is puzzling, because Ghana has the most sophisticated reading public in black Africa. Now, in Ayi Kwei Armah, it has a novelist of matching sophistication and skill. There is no doubt that this reading public will get the message of his new book; there is a great deal of doubt that they will act upon it, for *Fragments* is the sharpest indictment yet in fiction of the new African élite.

Baako, the hero of *Fragments*, is a "been-to." This is a hard-worked type in the African novel, though Baako has the distinction of having "been to" the U.S. for his education rather than France or Britain. But no previous novelist has handled the problems of the been-to with Mr. Armah's insight and analytical power. Baako himself comes to see his destined role as that of the god-man, sent to the other world with all the libations that traditionally accompany the journey of the dead, and welcomed back from that world as the reincarnated hero who is to be the *Osagyefo*, or Savior. But whereas in the old mythology the hero saved the whole community from external danger, the new social ethos, derived from a cash economy, lays upon the hero the obligation to make his immediate family rich at the expense of the community as a whole.

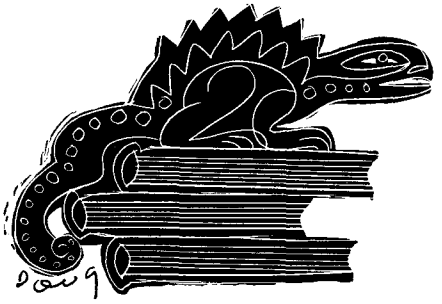
Like devotees of a cargo cult, the modern Ghanaians, waiting for the magical deeds of the returned been-to's, squander their resources "in great haste to consume things we have taken care or trouble to produce." Baako, a television script writer, wants to produce, to be a maker for and of his country; he finds he is expected merely to be a provider for his family. Society rejects his work, and his family's disappointment heaps guilt upon him. His fight for sanity is a lonely one, with few allies: his old teacher, his Puerto Rican mistress, and his grandmother Naana, to whom the new values mean nothing. Naana's traditional piety, her sense of community and continuity, frames the entire narrative in reflections which by their serenity heighten the fevered, flashy, high-life quality of the story's Accra setting.

Fragments is a caustic exposure of the sickness of modern African urban life, but it is not fictionalized Fanon. Essentially it is a novel, of high and consistent artistry. There is a dash of professional bravado about the title; the fragments of experience fit almost too well together, each incident gaining significance in the light of later incidents. Yet this dovetailing is artistically justified as the formal counterpart of Baako's experience: at the point when his own consciousness seems to fly into pieces, he achieves the inner coherence that could be the start of an adjustment to his world. Only once does Mr. Armah's technical control desert him, and this is when he digresses into personal satire at the expense of other Ghanaian writers. The scene is historically confusing (the lady satirized did not write rhapsodies on white saviors but on the black *Osagyefo*, Nkrumah), and it lacks the gaiety and bite that can justify this kind of attack.

In another way, however, this scene indicates a merit the book has which is rare among African novels: Mr. Armah is writing first and foremost for his compatriots. "I was trying to say things in my mind, to let the people see." Thus Baako explains his work to the blind Naana. *Fragments* lets us see many things in the mind of thoughtful West Africans today; one takes away from the book the recollection of filmlike sequences of incompetence, callousness, cynicism, concern with status. A bleeding woman is held up at the hospital entrance by arguments about whether or not her husband is "Senior Service." A child dies because its outdooring ceremony was held too early—only near payday can the guests be expected to bring lavish gifts of money. A lorry driver is drowned and his load lost in the maniacal scramble to get onto a ferry. It is painful reading for the non-African reader who loves Ghana, but it is written not for him but for "the people"; for all those Ghanaians who now stand at the political crossroads. *Fragments* is a novel of genuine engagement.

M. M. Mahood

M. M. Mahood is the author of "Joyce Cary's Africa."



WHEN THE WAR IS OVER

by Stephen Becker

Random House, 240 pp., $5.95

STEPHEN BECKER is an experienced novelist who has had his accolades. In his latest effort, *When the War Is Over*, he demonstrates beatifully just what the business of fiction is all about.

On the surface it would seem that the novel merely concerns the post-Civil War execution of one Thomas Martin, a teen-aged would-be Confederate unjustly sentenced as a guerrilla. This much is fact and can be documented. Since the execution was in reality nothing short of murder, the theme of the book is that military justice is not all it should be.

But *When the War Is Over* offers a great deal more: insight into our absurd ambivalence in war and in peace, into the utter impossibility of predicting anything at all except the inevitability of anguish.

The book is populated with a mixture of historical and fictional characters, the "real" people having been artistically reshaped. Marius Catto (fictional) is "an orphan boy . . . who grew up to be a lieutenant of infantry in the Army of the United States." He commands a ragged platoon of "civilian soldiers who did their job with half the heart." In the course of the novel he sacrifices himself on the altar of hypocrisy to protect the conscience of a comrade, Lieutenant Silliman, who will never be able to comprehend the gesture.

Jack Phelan (fictional) is an army surgeon (somewhat reminiscent of Hemingway's Rinaldi) who, in spite of his scientific detachment and self-assurance, does have his moments.

Thomas Martin (historical) is the young Johnny Reb who is victimized and destroyed by the stupidity inherent in the vainglory of war.

Generals "Fighting Joe" Hooker and August Willich (both historical) emerge as symbols of the lunatic whimsy that masquerades as discipline, and which, irresponsible itself, feeds on the good faith of fools who think "they won and right has triumphed and virtue reigns and all such."

These and others are Becker's people, and he uses them along with his facts and fabrications to create a memorable, moving story, one that exemplifies the tremendous importance of the artistic eye that is capable occasionally of detecting some truth in our constant torture.

William C. Hamlin

William C. Hamlin is professor of English at the University of Missouri at St. Louis.

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Mary Carnwath isn't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

The Hopi Indians' village of Shipaulovi in Arizona sits on land so poor, infertile and inhospitable that so far nobody has tried to take it away from them.

Electricity has not yet reached the Hopis. Water must be hauled from three miles away. Jobs are few and far away. Only poverty and despair are close-by and in abundance.

Yet for the first time in generations, Mary Carnwath and people like her are stirring hope among the Hopis.

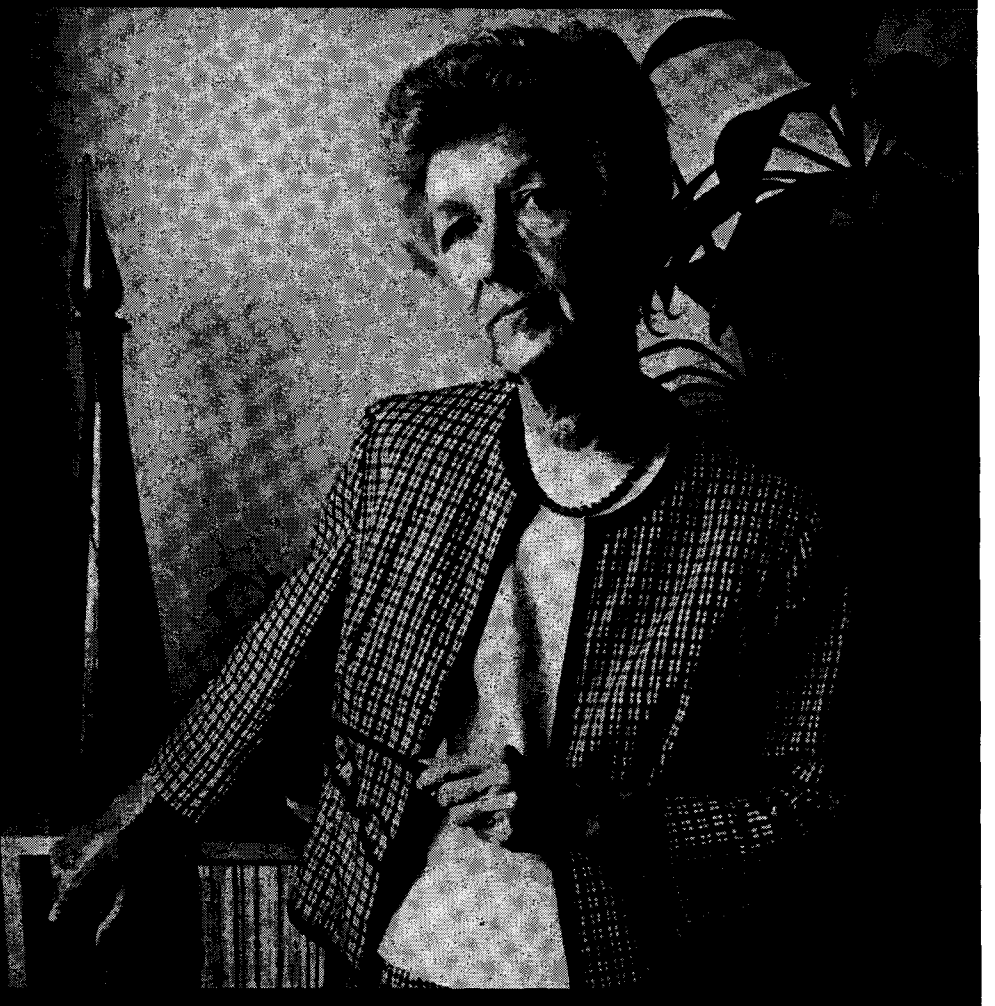
Mary Carnwath works and lives two thousand miles away, in Manhattan. Her own daughter is now grown-up, and through Save the Children Federation she is sponsoring one of the village girls, 8-year-old Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, three children, one grandmother and a sister-in-law) live tightly packed in a tiny rock and mud house. The father, who knows ranch work but can't find any most of the year, isn't able to provide the family with even the bare necessities.

Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

The $15.00 a month contributed by Mary Carnwath is providing a remarkable number of things for Grace and her family.

Grace will have a chance to continue schooling. The family has been able to make its home a little more livable. A small portion of Mary Carnwath's contribution, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to renovate a dilapidated building for use as a village center. The center now has two manual sewing machines that are the beginnings of a small income-producing business. It's only a small beginning. More money and more people like Mary Carnwath are needed. With your help, perhaps this village program will produce enough money to end the Hopis' need for help. That is what Save the Children is all about.



Although contributions are deductible, it's not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals, a warm coat and a new pair of shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children—who suffer the highest disease rate and who look forward to the shortest life span of any American group.

Sponsors are also needed for children in Appalachia, Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa, Greece and the Middle East.

As a sponsor you will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond with him and his family.

Mary Carnwath knows that she can't save the world for $15.00 a month. Only a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough Mary Carnwaths. How about you?

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THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD

by Benjamin Capps

Harper & Row, 309 pp., $6.95

TIMOTHY BAINES

by John H. Culp

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 280 pp., $6.95

THE WRITER WHO TAKES the early days of the American West as the setting for a novel runs the risk of having his book relegated to the "Western" shelf along with the mass of shoot-'em-up entertainments. He also risks being ignored by review media where precious space is limited. Despite these unfavorable odds, Westerners continue to write serious novels that examine an important aspect of our heritage and that have just as much literary validity as any other regional writing.

Benjamin Capps is one such writer, and *The White Man's Road* is his sixth published novel. Mr. Capps is a Texan with an absolutely sure sense of place and a gift for psychologically accurate characterization. Here, as he has done so well before, he depicts Indians, Comanches recently restricted to a reservation north of the Red River in what is now Oklahoma. The essence of his story is the loss of identity the Indians suffer when they are forced to travel the white man's road.

Joe Cowbone, the main character, is faced with the problem of verifying his status as a man under reservation conditions. In the old life a young man could prove himself by raiding the horses of an enemy, but under the white man's rule this time-honored practice is forbidden and called "stealing." Joe, the son of an Indian mother and a white father who vanished while Joe was still an infant, venerates the old ways of his mother's people. In his heritage he finds the possibility of pride. He listens again and again to the old legends, he entreats the old men to tell him of his ancestors, he feels the need for heroics, for tests of his bravery. Joe lets his nostalgia for the past sharpen his distaste for the members of his tribe who have compromised their honor by accepting the debasement of reservation life.

Mr. Capps paints a near-perfect portrait of a young reactionary faced with an alien code who respects the ways of the past and sets out to prove his manhood by daring bravery. Put in such bald terms the book begins to sound like a traditional "Western," which it is anything but. The characters are subtly shaded and their motivations are complex. Their interrelationships are believable and the plot is skillfully constructed. The entire book is written in a crisp prose style of predominantly simple declarative sentences. In its intention and attainment this is a serious literary work.

Timothy Baines, by John H. Culp, pretends to be in the same category, but is less than satisfactory. While it too is set in the post-Civil War Indian Territory and is partially concerned with the plight of the various tribes, that is the end of the similarity. As a novel it will appeal only to those readers who, in years past, have developed an appetite for the sprawling historical romances that were usually converted into mindless movies.

If story is what happens and plot is what makes it happen, *Timothy Baines* is all story and no plot. The events encompass generations, but they are so superficially handled they leave very little impression. The characters go through the motions of action without motivation, and the dialogue reads like a parody. For instance; Horace accosts Denna, whom he has never set eyes on before, and literally demands that she have dinner with him. She refuses. Subsequently this exchange takes place:

> "Will you go on the hunt with me tomorrow?"
> "I must begin my return to Keswick."
> "Why do you detest me?"
> "I didn't know I did."
> "My father is favorably impressed by you. He would like for you to come to the hall to visit my mother."
> "And why?"
> "He said you were determined and independent—you might make a man of me."
> "A man?"
> "I have my own profession—I am a drunkard."

Bear in mind that neither Horace nor his father had ever heard of this strange lady before that moment, and you will begin to see the extent to which Mr. Culp expects you to suspend your disbelief.

But ridiculous dialogue and complete lack of motivation are not the most offensive aspects of *Timothy Baines*. What irritates most is the fact that in this day of rising costs for the manufacture of books, and of the increasing numbers of books published, both of which cause good books to be overpriced and sometimes overlooked, time, energy and money were wasted by issuing this 280-page travesty at $6.95.

So there you have it. Two books with a common setting of time and place. One fine and one not so.

William Decker

William Decker is an editor, critic, and the author of a novel of the West, "To Be a Man."

Mavericks

Continued from page 33

enough warning. And his praise of the "democracy of cash" (tell it to the poor) quickly becomes fatuous: "The modern American is tied—by the thinnest of threads and by the most volatile, switchable loyalties—to thousands of other Americans by nearly everything he eats or drinks, or wears, or reads, or uses."

At the same time the tendencies Professor Boorstin discusses in the second part actually seem to me to hold out a greater hope for the building of "the great community" (in Josiah Royce's ringing phrase) than the tendencies observed earlier. There are "perils of

indwelling law," as the author ably argues in what is by far the best piece in the book. But these perils are worth accepting in lieu of "the law of numbers" and mere instrumentality that predominates in alternative ideas of community. In fact, if Professor Boorstin had only followed through an isolated observation of his in this connection—that "it has lately dawned on more and more of us that political democracy is only one element and not enough in itself to insure decent institutions"—he might have found more to link him with those who are not just "dissentients of dissent" but people who are trying to build such decent institutions through viable communities.

I would not want to leave the reader with the impression that this book contains no felicities or valuable insights. Those familiar with Professor Boorstin's justly praised interpretation of our history, *The Americans*, or, more pertinently, with *The Genius of American Politics* and *The Image*, have come to expect a lucidity, concreteness and energy of writing that usually make reading him a pleasure. Nor are these essays devoid of pleasure and enlightenment. The trouble is that they reveal the ephemeral nature of their origins. As reflections on America today they stay too close to the surface, and what they reflect is too often just the author's ill-considered reaction to complex troubling of the waters.

Walter Arnold

Walter Arnold, a former editor of Commonweal, has taught philosophy at Hunter College.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Neglected Masterpiece

ONE OF THE world's greatest ballets—and one of unparalleled historic importance, too—is near box-office poison in America, though not in Europe. I'm quite sure that the title is to blame in great part, but altering it (as has been feebly attempted) has not seemed to help. It reminds me of the "iffy" game popular a few seasons back when one would ask if a great Rodgers and Hammerstein smash would have made it had it been called *North Pacific*, if another record-breaker had been titled *Hello, Dorothy!*, etc.

The ballet to which I refer is *La Sylphide*. This is *not* Michel Fokine's *Les Sylphides*, but the similarity in title is obviously the major hurdle. *Les Sylphides* was created sixty years ago (1909); *La Sylphide* is just about 138 years old (1832). The Fokine ballet is a suite of dances set to music of Chopin. *La Sylphide* is a full-length ballet requiring elaborate settings, special effects (such as flying on wires), and a huge cast including actor-dancers, for it tells a story. The only connections between the two are that both are couched in romantic ballet style and that Fokine named his piece *Les Sylphides* in tribute to the earlier masterwork, which had changed the course of theater history.

Today, many European ballet troupes call *Les Sylphides* by the name given it in a preliminary presentation in St. Petersburg in 1908, *Chopiniana*. Americans, of course, have known *Les Sylphides* as a very pretty, very lovely, mild curtain-raiser for divertissement programs by the old Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the American Ballet Theatre, and other companies; it is also familiar to them, in whole or in bits and pieces, from ballet school recitals. Such memories rear up, of course, when they read on a poster, program, advertisement, or marquee *"La Sylphide"*—the block is there. You can trust the highly knowledgeable American balletomane to know the difference, but the hundreds of thousands of occasional balletgoers probably never even notice a difference between the singular and plural spellings in French. That such niceties are overlooked seems likely in the light of an odd happening when, at a recent performance of *The Nutcracker*, a lady sitting behind me hissed to her companion, "This is from *Swan Lake*, you know." Would she have noticed the difference between a "Les" and a "La"?

And this is a pity. *The Nutcracker* draws legions of mothers and children to the ballet every Christmas mainly, I think, because the very first classical recordings we all had as children were those extracts from the ballet called "Nutcracker Suite." *Swan Lake* draws like mad the year around. So does *The Sleeping Beauty*. These three are all late 1800s ballets of the Petipa regime in Russia. A rival from the earlier age is *Giselle* (1841), which would never have come into being had it not been for *La Sylphide*.

La Sylphide—and I'm doing battle for her right now!—ushered in the Romantic Age of Ballet; it made dancing on *pointe* (hitherto of minor moment) inescapable for the ballerina; the technique from which it sprang is an essential ingredient in ballet classrooms around the world today; it exalted the woman before she had the vote; it gave us a man, almost schizophrenic in his pull between comfortable reality and ecstatic dreams; it interwove the fates of peasants, poets, and poltergeists; it's about the fight against the Establishment; it may very well be the first hippie ballet, coming more than a century before its time.

I shall not give you the plot. But it does involve youth and age, tradition and rebellion, normalcy and terrifying sorcery, witches, visions, purity, and desire. Just like some movies of thirty years ago, which have never been topped, *La Sylphide*, in the ballet world, has never been equaled.

The first production of *La Sylphide* was choreographed by Philippe Taglioni and starred his daughter, Marie Taglioni, who overnight became the rage of Paris and, subsequently, of Europe. This Paris version is lost to us, but Denmark's great choreographer, August Bournonville, saw it and, in 1836, created his own *La Sylphide* (with a score by Herman Lovenskjold replacing that of Jean Schnitzelhoeffer) in Copenhagen. It has been in the repertory of the Royal Danish Ballet ever since. It is also performed, and superbly, by the American Ballet Theatre (currently on a tour of the United States) and by other companies.

Little American girls attending ballet schools usually dream of growing up to become the Queen of the Swans. Not so in Denmark. Toni Lander, ballerina of the American Ballet Theatre, is a Dane. She dreamed of being in *La Sylphide*: "It was the first ballet I ever saw. Then, a miracle! I became one of the cast of children. Later, I grew into corps de ballet roles. Next, I was a soloist and, finally, the Sylphide herself!" It made a star of Taglioni, it made the Danish Lucile Grahn a rival of Taglioni, and today it is one of Miss Lander's greatest roles, as it is one of Carla Fracci's (guest of ABT). Most recently Dame Margot Fonteyn, appearing with the National Ballet of Washington, D.C., added it to her dazzling repertory, for she "had always wanted to dance it."

La Sylphide has done so much for ballerinas, so much for European audiences for more than a century, so much for those perceptive Americans who knew it was *not Les Sylphides*—see what it can do for you. You might give *Nutcracker* and *Swan Lake* a brief rest. Have a new ballet adventure with a great old ballet. Victor Hugo toasted Taglioni, as the Sylphide, with "To your feet and to your wings!" Let *your* heart take flight with her.

—*Frank Derbas.*

The first Sylphide (1832), Marie Taglioni—"To your feet and to your wings!"

—*Jack Mitchell.*

Toni Lander and Royes Fernandez in the American Ballet Theatre production of the immortal classic from the Romantic Age of Ballet. The Sylphide magically appears in a Highlands manor to lure a young Scotsman away from his bride-to-be.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Still There, Old Mole?

BACK IN the days of World War II, Maurice Evans toured Army camps and, subsequently, the country with his streamlined "GI version" of *Macbeth*, bringing joy and edification to multitudes whose previous contact with the Bard had been through high school assignments. Something of the same claim may be made for the new, even more thoroughly streamlined adaptation of *Hamlet* prepared (without crediting) for Tony Richardson, and starring Nicol Williamson as the gloomy Dane. It runs eight minutes short of two hours—about forty minutes less than Sir Laurence Olivier's 1948 edition, and more than an hour under conventional stage presentations.

Needless to say, *Hamlet* is a bit more complex than *Macbeth*, both as a play and as a character; consequently, any cutting involves a considerably greater risk. Richardson and Williamson were obviously not at all averse to taking this risk in the interest of tightening the main lines of the drama and clarifying the complex nature of its central figure. But, as Hamlet would put it, "there's the rub." By eliminating completely the quintessential Fortinbras, the man of action drawn by Shakespeare as contrast to the irresolute Prince, and by drastically editing down most of the soliloquies, this *Hamlet* is not so much clarified as simplified. Williamson's Dane is less gloomy than irritable.

If tragedy depicts a fall from greatness, then any diminution of the character of Hamlet diminishes the play as well. Indeed, between Williamson's modern, uninflected readings, Richardson's unrelenting use of extreme close-ups, and the concentration of the plot upon King Claudius's domestic difficulties, this *Hamlet* often seems like a costumed version of television's *One Man's Family*. One longs for the pictorial splendors that Grigori Kozintsev invented for the Pasternak translation a few years ago, or for the eloquence of voice that characterized the Olivier production (not to mention the echoes from that extraordinary year when John Gielgud, Leslie Howard, and Maurice Evans each had his own *Hamlet* running simultaneously on Broadway).

And yet this *Hamlet* is not lacking in virtues or intelligence. For the first time to my knowledge, the ghostly voice that Hamlet hears is actually his own (Williamson's Midlands accent is unmistakable), raising the intriguing possibility that the entire thing—including the murder—might be a figment of his fevered imagination. Contrary to contemporary practice, there are no Oedipal overtones to the scenes between Hamlet and Gertrude; he is merely a young man genuinely distressed that his mother should have married again, and so quickly. And Claudius, rather than resenting Hamlet, seems at first to be earnestly seeking a reconciliation. (Helpfully, his plotting with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is not revealed until later.)

It might even be added that, granting the necessity to film what is essentially a stage production (the same one that starred Williamson in London, New York, and Los Angeles), Richardson's decision to work largely in close-ups was commendable. For one thing, it concentrates attention on the words and the actors—a concentration to be wished for devoutly. For another, it eliminates all sense of proscenium, and of the tatty stage scenery that proved so distracting in, for example, Olivier's recent filming of his *Othello*. Instead, Richardson sets and sustains a style that, while admittedly a compromise, is wholly appropriate to what he is attempting to do. And finally, although this *Hamlet* does not seem destined to go down in the history books as one of the memorable productions of all time, it does present on celluloid a fresh, somewhat controversial interpretation with its own vitality and validity. Hopefully, like the "GI" *Macbeth*, it will send many back to Shakespeare to find for themselves what the adapters left out.

Problems of adaptation also beset the team of Lee Mendelson and Bill Melendez in bringing to the screen as a feature-length animated film *A Boy Named Charlie Brown*, based on Charles Schulz's beloved comic strip *Peanuts*. The lines outside the Radio City Music Hall notwithstanding, they haven't really succeeded. The familiar cast has been assembled, two-dimensional as ever, and the familiar situations as well—the baseball disasters, Snoopy's Red Baron fantasies, Lucy as psychiatrist, an interminable sequence in which Schroeder plays Beethoven to the accompaniment of great art through the ages. But the effect is of a series of shorts laced together, without rhythm or grace. To be sure, a plot of sorts gets under way belatedly—something to do with Charlie Brown proving himself by winning a spelling bee on national television (naturally, he loses). But by that time the sequences have grown so witless, and the children's voices so shrill, that win or lose one couldn't care less. Rod McKuen has supplied a pleasantly melodic score, adroitly performed by an uncredited small combo, but it has little relation to the Charlie Brown we know and love, and neither does this movie.

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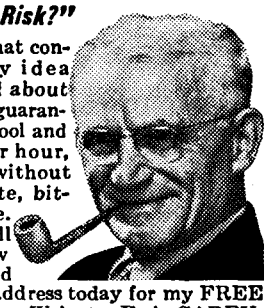

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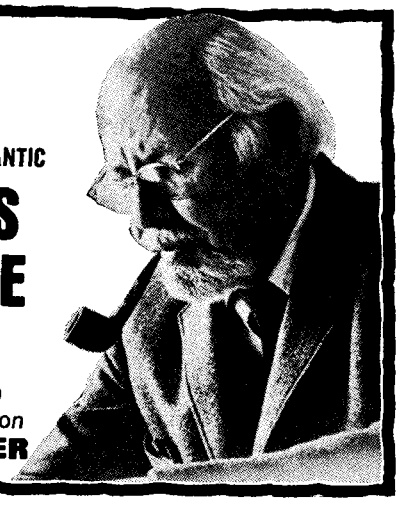

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

The ABCs of Verdi's "Aïda"; Freire at the Philharmonic

THE SPLENDOR and spectacle of Verdi's *Aïda* have served for more opening performances at the Metropolitan Opera than any other work by anybody, ten times in all. But they have never been so appropriate to the occasion as on the latest, between-holidays Monday when the spacious auditorium at the west end of Lincoln Center served its appointed purpose for the first time in more than six months.

Nobody in the audience that paid premium prices to be present could have been unaware of the circumstances that kept the management and its working personnel immobilized for months. The tickets, after all, bore the date of September 15 when the season had been scheduled to open, and anyone who presented them on December 29 must have been aware that the dates were thirteen weeks apart.

Were there any who might have wondered why the economics of opera had left some doubt that there would be an opening until December was well under way, *Aïda* provided an ideal exhibit A (also B and C). A might be for artists, in this alphabet of the absurd, B for ballet, and C for chorus. Working backward, the answer was provided by the tens of basses and baritones, tenors, sopranos, and mezzos; the dozens of dancers, scores of supers, and legions of instrumentalists that made up the ensemble on stage and in the pit. Add to these the services of the six top principals for whom Verdi wrote, and the figures would make the hardiest cost accountant flinch. At one point in the "Triumphal Scene" that climaxes Act II, a rough count showed about 150 persons on the stage, and more than half as many more in the pit. Given a reflective turn of mind, one could conclude that the "gala" audience that paid $124,000 for the privilege of being present was one of the very few during the season that would actually pay the cost of what it was seeing, and leave a little something over.

Given the circumstances, it was hardly surprising that the management had little option but to offer such staples as *Aïda* and *Tosca, Butterfly, Bohème,* and *Aïda* during its opening weeks. It was, also, in the nature of things that, when all the phone calls had been made and all the alternatives considered and all the adjustments made, the opening *Aïda* should come up all-American. Nearby Long Island provided the Radames (Richard Tucker) and Amonasro (Robert Merrill), downtown Manhattan the Aïda (Leontyne Price), and trans-Hudson Bayonne the King (Raymond Michalski). More distant points were called upon for the High Priest (Connecticut and John Macurdy) and the Amneris (California's Irene Dalis).

The conductor, too, might have been native-born had Kalamazoo, Michigan's Thomas Schippers not been afflicted by a seasonal ailment and been forced to beg off. In his place was Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, a veteran of the operatic wars in Italy and elsewhere, and this brought about the first two-cast *Aïda* in history: the all-American one on the stage and the surgical one on his right arm. He had fallen on the icy surfaces across which New Yorkers had glided from Christmas to the New Year and broken his right arm. If the cast (showing fashionably white below his black dress coat) restricted his full vigor to an abandoned moment or two in the "Triumphal Scene," it saved the management from the further complication of finding a replacement for a replacement. The outcome was a solid, sometimes stolid *Aïda,* with the available talent (on stage) never quite brought to a blaze by the heat from the pit.

Molinari-Pradelli's double-cast week included, in addition to another *Aïda* and a pair of Tebaldi-Kónya-McNeil *Toscas*, a *Madama Butterfly* in which Enrico DiGiuseppe, of Philadelphia, made his debut as Pinkerton. Engagingly youthful and likable on several counts of appearance and deportment, DiGiuseppe has a well-formed, pliant tenor sound that struck my ear as smaller than could comfortably accommodate itself to the surroundings. There are, conceivably, some circumstances in which it would qualify creditably, but not those in which Martina Arroyo, as Butterfly, was pouring out sound without stint. This gave her unrestricted access to the listener's ear, though sometimes at a cost to the illusion of Butterfly as a fragile Oriental. In a purely visual dimension, DiGiuseppe has the youth to make a proper image of a 1902 naval lieutenant, but not if he insists on keeping his hands in his pants pockets during social conversations. Shirley Love looked and sounded well as Suzuki.

—Micossi

A Spanish conductor (of German background), a Brazilian pianist, and an Argentinian mezzo (with Russian roots) were the timbers with which the Philharmonic Orchestra bridged the decade gap from the Sixties to the Seventies. The analogy is not altogether inappropriate, for the timbers were all from young growths, who may, in some instances, be burden-bearers for years to come.

Prominent among them was Rafael Frühbeck, now Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, who made his Philharmonic debut with the incisive, clean-cut performances to be expected of him. That there is something more in Falla's *Amor brujo* score (for which Norma Lerer was an effective if not more than moderately rich voice) than is comprehended by the incisive and the clean-cut is a measure of the emphasis Frühbeck is choosing to dispense at this point. More relaxation, languor, introspection, and color would have brought him closer to the mark achieved by some predecessors—such as the late Ataulfo Argenta—in their interpretations of this great score.

For a pianist who has earned the respect in a varied repertory that already has accrued to Nelson Freire, the choice of the Fourth (G-minor) Rachmaninoff Concerto for his Philharmonic debut sadly disserved both his taste and his musicianship. It is perhaps the weakest of all the Rachmaninoff concerti—if only because the composer had nearly exhausted his ingenuity for relating the piano to the orchestra by the time he came to writing it—with scant subtleties for a player of Freire's finesse to exploit. Those previously unacquainted with him could find considerable cause for enthusiasm in his assurance, thoroughness, and artistic motivation, but this was no more than a sampling of the best of which he is capable.

Frühbeck's choice of the C-minor Symphony of Beethoven to follow was, in a way, no more productive. Here, however, the emphasis was inverted. Whereas Freire was impeded by a lack of quality with which to work, Frühbeck was balked by the abundance of it which he had to dispense. His statement of these all too terse measures was neither big enough nor bold enough or broad enough to galvanize the orchestra, nor strong enough or sure enough to dominate the audience. The Philharmonic followed him with professional courtesy (the horn section played particularly well in Movement I) but not with overwhelming involvement in what he was doing.

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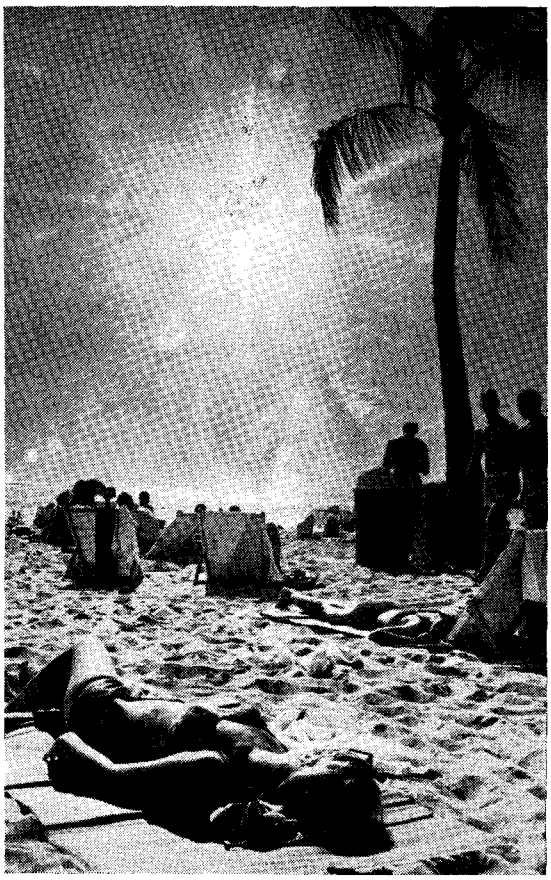
Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Football Goes Hawaiian

A TOUGH DECISION confronting this weary traveler on a Sunday night in late December was whether to turn in before midnight or stay up and watch a replay of the Vikings-Rams game. Either route would have taken me to dreamland—where all of us Vikings fans have lived this long sweet season—but when the stars above my Diamond Head hide-out began to blur, and the surf, only a short Joe Kapp pass from my front door, faded to a whisper, I elected to go for the eiderdown.

I am sure most Hawaii folk were torn by the same dilemma, and no doubt a majority of them chose the tube, because televised football-watching has replaced bikini-watching as Hawaii's favorite spectator sport. This has come about by dint of two communications satellites whirling somewhere above the Pacific and a host of local sponsors who have paid the considerable price of having live professional football bounced off the satellites and into the little grass shacks in Hawaii. If all the instant replays and stop actions aren't enough to sate this sports-starved populace, the same game can be watched at midnight later in the week.



Waikiki—"a softness and glow that all the pile drivers cannot dispel."

Televised football in Hawaii somehow hasn't produced the divisive effects that have split mainland households asunder. If anything, it's brought people closer together. Luaus and hukilaus—shoreline fishing parties—are no longer Hawaii's leading social events. They have been replaced by Sunday morning tubeside brunches. The football games, you see, are beamed to Hawaii about the time the sun is peeking above Diamond Head, an hour when only children once rose to witness test patterns and "Tom and Jerry" cartoons. People in Hawaii seem to have little trouble rising. They're used to going to work early, particularly those with a stake in the business world. When the New York Stock Exchange closes at 3 p.m. in Manhattan, it's 10 a.m. at Waikiki. Shore dwellers swear by a morning dip as the best hangover remedy. Or at least they did before live football came to Hawaii. Bloody Marys go down rather well with the 8 o'clock pre-game show.

Sunday morning churchgoers are trying mightily to resolve the conflict between God and CBS. An Episcopal church on windward Oahu has offered a kind of dispensation for football-mad members of its congregation by permitting fathers to stow their wives and children in the pews and then repair to an anteroom to worship the blue screen. Collection boxes are passed through the TV room during commercials, I hope.

Tourists, a friend tells me, haven't caught the habit. Maybe it's just as well. Probably a good number of mainland families arriving in Hawaii this season have come to patch up rifts caused by our annual football inundation. For my part, I think the Sunday morning madness has done wonders for Hawaii. It has produced, first of all, an athletic sophistication far beyond anything I observed as a barefoot resident in the mid-1960s. I remember well the first live televised event in the islands. The game of the century between Notre Dame and Michigan State in 1966. It came on at 7 in the morning, and for two hours there was hardly a car on the streets or a shopper in the stores. I am sure that old Oriental women who didn't even know the word for football in Japanese or Chinese were camped beside television sets to behold the miracle.

Scott Stone, once an assistant city editor for the Honolulu paper I served and now a novelist, greeted me on my return with a new language and culture adopted in the Sunday morning classroom. When I left two years ago, he didn't know a square-out from a strike-out. Now he studies the game intently with a bottle of Scotch at his side, and when both are pau—Hawaiian for finished—he suits up in a sweatshirt and chinos and goes down to the corner park to kick around the football his wife and children gave him for Christmas.

This football mania, I am happy to report, may be the biggest change I have noted in Hawaii. Reports reaching me in New York from residents and tourists alike had portrayed Hawaii and particularly Honolulu as a lapsed paradise, barely a mid-Pacific substitute for Miami Beach. My standards of comfort and beauty may differ from the norm—the appearance of a hotel or curio shop doesn't automatically suggest doomsday to me—but Hawaii continues to give off a softness and glow that all the pile drivers along Kalakaua Avenue cannot dispel.

One change for the worse is the mounting crush at Honolulu International Airport, which may be caught with its baggage racks down when Boeing 747s start dropping in. Since five American carriers were granted new trade routes to and beyond Hawaii in the trans-Pacific case last summer, the airport has taken on some of the frenzy, if not the vulgarity, of the Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York. Things would be still worse if the new lines were filling their planes, but so far even the enticement of a lowered $85 fare from the West Coast to Hawaii hasn't caused a deluge.

I traversed the Western Desert and 2,600 miles of water on a Braniff plane from Dallas, one of the new gateways to Hawaii. Braniff sends its colorful tropical birds twice a day from Dallas, once from Atlanta, and three times a week from Houston. The accent aboard is more than Hawaiian, what with stewardesses done up in raspberry Pucci minidresses covered during serving hours by silver lamé aprons, and clientele sporting cowboy hats and David Frye drawls. By the time the plane crosses San Francisco Bay and noses southwest to Hawaii, Texans have been transformed into Hawaiians by a potent blend of rum and juice served in brown mugs. Passengers have been known to kick off their cowboy boots and try a hula in the aisle, though on my flight a dud of a film called *The*

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Shoes of the Fisherman cut sharply into drinking time.

Anyone who remembers the pre-World War II era when Pan American Clippers used to thunder in with all the business must be dazzled by the sight of all those jets, representing a dozen or more lines, foreign and domestic, parading up to the ramp. Pan Am is a bit dazzled itself. It's cut down on flights to Hawaii by 40 per cent in recent months, and is feeling the pinch of competition on other routes it pioneered and developed. The company expects its 1969 losses to be its biggest in forty-two years.

One who hasn't been back to Hawaii for eighteen months should not be stunned by the ever-changing profile of Waikiki. I did hear myself gasp several times upon gawking upward at the new hotels thrusting above the beach, but in several spots I think the appearance of a concrete pillar is an improvement over the fenced-in parking lots that existed before. I am far more dismayed at the (apparent) doom to a straw-covered watering hole called the Queen's Surf, a one-time private estate on the fringe of Waikiki condemned to destruction by Frank Fasi, the mayor of Honolulu. The rambling (and crumbling) structure holds several of Hawaii's better night spots, including the Barefoot Bar and a rat-a-tat Tahitian dance show, but its *raison d'être* long has been a beachfront bar frequented in daytime hours, especially on weekends, by Hawaii's *cognoscenti* — students, University of Hawaii instructors, young political lions, newspaper reporters, and perhaps the best-filled bikinis in Hawaii. Mayor Fasi, despite the opposition of the City Council and sundry civic groups, has all but succeeded in having the Queen's Surf torn down and turned into a public park, not an ignoble act but perhaps an unnecessary one. The beach will still be there, and it is the best and widest along the strip, but I wonder where the good people will gather after their fill of the sun and surf; I wonder where Ken Misumi, the Honolulu boxing writer and skindiver, will celebrate his catch of seaweed, a delicacy he used to distribute at the bar and one you didn't dare refuse.

There is talk of widening some stretches of the beach at Waikiki, and that makes sense because in some places it's barely wider than a kid's sandbox. But of course there is opposition here too, this from surfers who claim a wider beach will cut into the good breakers crashing near shore.

Diamond Head thus far has been spared its storied, craggy profile. The intensity of that battle—to build or not to build on the Diamond Head slopes—had somehow eluded me until on my first morning back, driving past along the ocean, I realized how much I had missed the mound of volcanic ash. Whether or not it will be saved from concrete entombment, the Hilton people believe their tower, an extension to the Hawaiian Village with a mosaic rainbow climbing the beachfront wall some twenty-five stories, will replace Diamond Head as Hawaii's symbol.

I will remember neither landmark as well as the endless surf, the trade winds that blow any traces of smog out to sea and flutter my football passes in Kapiolani Park, and the Sunday morning TV brunches.

"It says, 'Pottsburgh, settled in 1530, survived the Indian massacres, the Revolutionary War, War of 1812, Civil War, wiped out by shopping center development 1968.'"

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Our Years of Fear

(*Continued from page* 31)

ward the end of his book. He points out that, in the American view, some communists are "acceptable" and some "unacceptable," and concludes: "'Revolution,' rather than 'communism' *per se,* seems to be the crucial factor." This undermines his basic premise.

Again, Parenti appears to take all anti-communist statements or positions not only at face value but at equal value. He does not distinguish between the John Birch Society and Dean Acheson, or between Senator McCarthy and Dean Rusk. Thus he makes no allowances for the difference between the anti-communism heavily freighted with paranoia, the anti-communism employed as a demagogic technique, and the anti-communism used as an instrument to support the imperial interests of the business establishment. In the same way the book equates all "liberals," quoting the American Committee for Cultural Freedom and George F. Kennan indiscriminately as "liberal" spokesmen.

The same oversimplification shows up in other ways. It goes without saying that Parenti's opponents will find his presentation of their stance inadequate. In addition, his own position tends to be overbroad and undifferentiated. Thus, while the book has little about McCarthyism, the author seems to assume that the anti-communist problem is no different now than at the height of the McCarthy period. So far as I could see he devotes only one casual sentence to the House Committee on Un-American Activities and ignores the ups and downs in its impact.

As a result Parenti's picture of anti-communism lacks depth and perspective. Although there is some attempt to trace its historical antecedents, no serious effort is made to explore the economic, social and political issues underlying anti-communism or to present it in an understandable context. Nor does Parenti's long account of the stupidities and outrages of our foreign policy add to the previous analysis from the same point of view by D. F. Fleming, William A. Williams, Fred W. Neal and others.

I do not mean to imply that *The Anti-Communist Impulse* belongs to the genre of literature written by believers for other believers. It can profitably be read by non-believers. And I join the author in his hope that "this book will help others entertain new images and new realities, of the kind that might bring us to a saner and less tragic political world."

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As Others See Us

OTTAWA: Friendly Figures

A STUDY issued by the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism contains an opinion survey of Canadian youth, thirteen to twenty years of age, entitled "Young People's Images of Canadian Society."

One question asked was what country was Canada's best friend. In English-speaking homes, 65 per cent named the United States as the best friend, and in French-speaking homes, 72 per cent. In homes where other languages were used, 67 per cent felt the U.S. was Canada's best friend.

As to Britain, 29 per cent in English-speaking homes thought it Canada's best friend, and, in French-speaking homes, only 6 per cent. In homes using other languages, 31 per cent thought Britain best.

Only 1 per cent in English-speaking homes and 8 per cent in French-speaking homes thought France our best friend. —*The Ottawa Journal.*

LONDON: Support for the President

THE ANTI-VIETNAM war demonstrators in the United States are now in disarray, while public opinion is giving impressive majority support for the President's policy of transferring the burden of war to the South Vietnamese as fast as possible consistent with safety. The very real danger that America would lose the war at home has suddenly receded. However, there is no present sign or likelihood of any North Vietnamese response although, on the fighting front, there are signs that the Communists are wilting.

There are still many dangers, but Mr. Nixon has served the whole democratic cause by stopping the rot at home and prizing open a path toward a satisfactory settlement in Vietnam.

—*The Daily Telegraph.*

PRAGUE: War or Peace?

PRESIDENT NIXON'S so-called peace plan could be better described as a prescription for the continuation of the war. It almost unpleasantly reminded us of the terminology so well-known from speeches of President Johnson and former Secretary of State Rusk.

—*Radio Prague.*

PARIS: New Fraternity

THE DEATH of Black Panther leader Fred Hampton has unified the black community; 30 per cent of those present at the religious services celebrating his memory were whites. They were not only hippies, but included older persons from all sectors of society.

Whatever its limitations, this new fraternity is perhaps more significant than the police outburst. Perhaps it will bring on the beginnings of a response to the appeal of Reverend Harry McNulty, a black minister: "How many more of us are to die before we receive justice?" —*L'Express.*

MADRID: Black Is Beautiful

THE MOST outstanding phenomenon in the American racial crisis is that the Negro vanguard no longer fights for integration. There is an upsurge of Negro separatism in college and the Army. Students are asking for Negro studies and Negro dormitories. In the university dining halls, there are tables that the Negroes take for themselves, and in the lounges, there are corners where they do not wish to see a white face.

"The whites are too nervous, they are always under tension, and they don't let you relax," declares a Negro Vietnam sergeant. In other words, the men that fight together look for diversion apart—and this time it is not the fault of the whites.

"Our most urgent problem," the Negroes say, "is not to integrate into the white society, but to find ourselves. The black soul has undergone 200 years of white brainwashing, and we have to rediscover ourselves. We have to find our own true personality. We have to fight not to become like the whites, but to discover a black identity."

This is where "soul" comes from. . . . Soul is a cadence, camaraderie, identification, negritude, relaxation, gut music, and a new rhythm. Soul is the spiritual mother country of Negroes where whites cannot enter no matter how much they may want to. There, far from aggressiveness of rush and from tension, for the first time the Negro feels secure. It is the first step in his spiritual separation. —*Indice.*

MEXICO, D. F. Two Faces of Crime

AS A SINGLE voice the world press has condemned the mass killing of civilians in the village of Mylai. . . . But, in one respect, one cannot say that the U.S. today offers the world the *most* horrible example of the supreme negation of the rational character of man and his sense of brotherhood and humanity.

First of all, it is obvious that an isolated occurrence in nature can never characterize one country specifically and collectively. The extraordinary significance is that the occurrence at Mylai, even before it has been legally proved, has called forth the most indignant revulsion from every American from the chief of state to the most humble citizen. Further, if the authors of these atrocities are discovered—whether they be sergeants, lieutenants, or generals—they will receive punishment commensurate with these monstrous crimes and . . . radical measures will be put into action to forestall a repetition of similar occurrences.

The massacre of civilians in Mylai can never be condemned enough . . . but fratricide has always been possible when men have been turned into beasts under pressure of machine guns, blood, and death. —*Excelsior.*

ESSEN: For Freedom and Democracy

THE AMERICANS are no more immune than other peoples to the temptations that come with bigness, from the corruption of power or from the loss of conscience. But they have also shown in the past that they are capable of reversing direction back to the hysteria of the McCarthy epoch. We hope that also this time a cleansing crisis will ban the dangers facing the leading power of the free world. In the last analysis, we hope for this in our own interests, for freedom and democracy everywhere in the world depend on this. —*Westdeutsche Allgemeine.*

FRANKFURT: Yanks, Stay Put!

YANKS, GO HOME, the cynical demand for years scribbled on walls in many countries where U.S. troops were stationed, has disappeared. Virtually more affronted than shocked, host countries in Europe and Asia are now demanding the opposite: that American troops stay put.

Both the politicians and the general public are behaving as though Uncle Sam had been caught in the act of conspiring against the security of the rest.

The war in Vietnam represented the climax of a foreign policy designed to enforce at enormous military expense American ideas of law and order. It was also to lead to the realization that conflict in Southeast Asia makes intellectual, psychological, human, and material demands that America was not in the long run prepared to fulfill.

So the war could not be fought to a successful conclusion. Military power as a means of foreign policy failed to

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reach the degree of perfection needed by the commanders to win in action. This spectacular defeat was sustained by a man who had already been cast as something of a folk hero—General Westmoreland.

—*Frankfurter Allgemeine.*

MOSCOW: Against the Military-Industrial Complex

THE MASS campaign, launched in the United States last year for the first time in the postwar period against the Pentagon's plans of imposing costly armament programs on the country, revealed the increased consciousness of broad sections of the population, their opposition to not merely the Pentagon but to the military-industrial complex as a whole, which was making a fortune on the unrestrained arms race. At the same time, demands are growing louder that the United States should in a positive way respond to the initiative of the Soviet Union and other socialist countries in the disarmament sphere.

An important landmark has been achieved in international relations. Success in the solution of vital disarmament problems will determine to a large extent whether the foundation of world peace and security will be consolidated and the threat of a devastating conflict will diminish, or whether tension will continue in the world preventing the use of its material and manpower resources for creation and progress. —*Izvestia.*

WARSAW: Sharon Tate and Songmy

MURDER is not uncommon in the United States. Thousands of people are being murdered every year, 75 per cent of them by young people between 14 and 25. That Sharon Tate's murder has evoked so much commotion can be largely attributed to the fact that her killers are most typical representatives of the hippie population, representatives of hippie ideology, which is the ideology of many American youngsters.

The so-called middle-class, conservative part of the American people does not like flower people. . . . Sharon Tate's murder has scared the American population. It has shown that, regardless of who their parents are, flower people can easily enter the road of senseless murders. It has also shown that there exists in the United States a political atmosphere conducive to such murders: the atmosphere in which the soldiers who pacified the Vietnamese village of Songmy had been brought up.

—*Zycie Warszawy.*

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Bawling Out for Conrad

THE SECOND trip to the moon could have been much more than it was. Although its importance may have been less, the *Apollo 12* mission was more risky, and for this reason it should not have been presented with so many little jokes. I believe that Charles Conrad, commander of the mission, deserves a strong reprimand for the way he handled himself during this important trip. . . . He could have been less infantile. Neil Armstrong, the true conqueror of the moon, treated his mission with the seriousness it deserved.

Conrad ruined the TV camera, and besides this he fell on the surface of the moon, surely because he was doing one of his pirouettes. One last question: how much money did the U.S. lose when the roll of film was left behind? And what if these were the most important of the pictures?

—*R. J. P., El Tiempo, Bogotá.*

Genocide in Biafra

THE CYNICISM of the official British attitude toward the Nigerian war and the sufferings of the Biafran people is clearly outlined by Walter Schwarz.

Would it not be pertinent to inquire whether the government is in breach of its own Genocide Act of 1969? This act followed (belatedly) upon a resolution of the General Assembly of the United Nations in 1946, by which genocide was declared to be a punishable crime under international law.

The act says, and I quote: "Deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part."

—*Kenneth Howe, The Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

The True Revolutionary

I WAS most displeased to find in one of your articles an insidious comparison between drug-consuming youth and revolutionary youth. It is only this: that an adolescent in a revolt of desperation (an "addict," if you prefer) is not exactly a revolutionary.

An authentic revolutionary cannot take drugs without living in a fundamental contradiction: the goal of revolution is in effect the abolition of capitalism and, as a consequence, the evils it engenders such as drug-mania, excessive delinquency, etc.

If you absolutely insist on finding common bonds between Leftists and addicts, you might come up with this: both are refusing integration into our hypocritical, materialist society. The remaining divergence is that, for a revolutionary, the solution is a fight to the end; for a drug addict, it is a flight from society, from oneself, and from oneself as situated in this society.

—*F. Bouiller, Le Figaro Littéraire, Paris.*

Racial Prejudice

MR. ABRAMS's conclusion that racial prejudice is "appreciably less widespread among young people" is doubtless true, but it may give less cause for optimism than he imagines. There is one very obvious explanation for the greater intolerance among the middle-aged. This group falls into two categories: those who feel they have succeeded, and those who feel they have failed. The latter, in seeking a cause of their failure outside themselves, find a necessary hate-object in the colored immigrant. Will many of those young people, who show tolerance now, show the same tolerance in ten or twenty years' time, or will they not react in precisely the same way as their elders have reacted?

—*Victor Cowan, Listener, London.*

Safeguards for Marriage

IS THERE not something to be said for the old-fashioned view of marriage as a lifelong and fruitful affair, based firmly on sacraments and promises, and not merely on the shifting sands of poor human feeling and chaotic human impulse? Adults can tire so rapidly of each other, and today's educated women come to "see through" men so quickly that surely the old safeguards are more necessary than ever.

—*Dr. Margaret Maison, The Observer, London.*

Fact vs. Fiction on Abortion

BOB COHEN'S story on neonaticide—the killing of newborn babies—reads more like science fiction than science reporting.

He notes Dr. Phillip Resnick's gratuitous claim that there are "hundreds and possibly thousands" of such deaths each year in the United States. But we are offered no evidence to support it.

Even Dr. Resnick's limited study fails to show how more "liberal" laws would cut down infant deaths, for it suggests that women who kill their babies do not seek abortions. Significantly, moreover, Britain's new abortion laws have not reduced the number of illegitimate births.

When Mr. Cohen suggests that opposition to wider abortion laws might increase neonaticide, his own irrational bias shows through. On the contrary, permissive attitudes toward abortion and infanticide have historically gone together —as in ancient Greece and Rome.

—*Mrs. Mary Cooper, The Ottawa Citizen.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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The Brothers Dorsey

by RICHARD GEHMAN

One night at the famous old Glen Island Casino, the two brothers had a fist fight on the stand. Another night, Jimmy stood there playing his clarinet while Tommy played the trombone with his arm around his brother's neck. Jimmy lifted up his clarinet, Benny Goodman-style, and joggled Tommy's horn, causing the mouthpiece to chip one of Tommy's front teeth and cut his lip slightly. As I recall, they were playing something called "Hollywood Pastimes," even though they were in Westchester County, New York. Both men put down their instruments and had another fist fight, right there on the stage, for the astonishment and edification of the audience, which was not large that night because it was raining.

Although outweighed by his brother, Jimmy was quicker than Tommy, but he always held off going to his brother's mouth with his left. Musicians always are protective of each other's *bouches*. One night in Pottstown, Pennsylvania, the cornetist Bunny Berigan, then playing both lead and solo in Tommy's band, leaned back to take a chorus. He went too far back, and the flimsy chair under him collapsed. He dropped eighteen feet to the floor (the brass section had to work up high at that ballroom), and the combination of the booze he had been drinking and the fall put him out. Tommy put down his trombone and rushed around to the back of the stand, where cops, janitors, and others were examining the prostrate form. "Never mind his ribs," Tommy said. "See if his lip's cut." Berigan's lip was not cut, and he was back on the stand, aching a little in the head, for the next set.

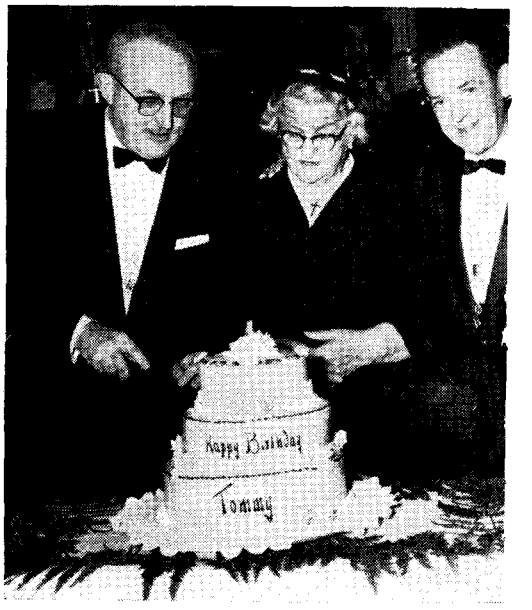
Tommy Dorsey looked like a stern schoolmaster; he wore steel-rimmed spectacles that often fell off, so much of a sweat did he work up as he played his trombone. Jimmy Dorsey was smaller and less disheveled; he never seemed to sweat at all when he played his alto saxophone and doubled on the clarinet. Musically, Jimmy was the more ambitious; one time he recorded "The Wren" with his full band (then twelve pieces) behind Josephine Tuminia, the coloratura soprano from San Francisco, who made it all the way to the Metropolitan Opera.

To the shame of Milton Gabler and all those jolly pitchmen over at Decca Records, this memorable twelve-inch 78 record, which provoked this hobo excursion into the caves and recesses of my childhood, has never been reissued. I don't know why. I was listening to it the other day. My copy is just about worn out, for I have had it since I was a boy of seventeen—from about the time I first saw Jimmy Dorsey at the old Rocky Springs Park Ballroom in my home town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. I had not heard the record before that time, but when I heard Jimmy's band I rushed back to my father's music store and said, "Order everything you can get of The Dorsey Brothers' orchestra, Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra, and Tommy's." He had most of them in stock. My father had only one eccentricity—ordering records. He could not stand to have a customer come in and ask him for a record he could not pull out. He knew the numbers of *all* the records on all the labels, and still remembers them.

Apologizing for this sentimental digression, I now return to the Dorseys. The records they made as The Dorsey Brothers were superior to those they made under their separate names, I contend. Most of the arrangements were made by trombonist Glenn Miller. At that time he was working as a sideman for the Dorseys for $75 a week, and sometimes, with that preacherish demeanor of his, acting as referee for the Dorseys' fights.

Many of these fights were prompted by liquor. Both brothers drank heavily, in and out of both jazz and fistic action. Jimmy was the better drinker; he never did those outlandish things that many drunks do, not even after putting away a quart in an evening. Tommy, the soul of geniality in the early stages of his own buzz, and a wonderful host at his place in New Jersey, would turn mean about 10 o'clock at night. If Jimmy was not handy, he would pick on someone else.

Jimmy was the more agile of the two, musically speaking; he worked his way in and out of choruses like a young pickpocket dodging cops in a crowd. Tommy just seemed to walk down the street, the boss of everyone and everything. Jimmy was more experimental; Tommy was smoother. Together, when they were not trying to act like the main event in Madison Square Garden, they made a superb combination.



The Dorseys: Tommy (left) with Jimmy (right) and Mother Dorsey at a birthday party for Tommy in the mid-Fifties.

The drinking was unusual, considering the brothers' background. They were born in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, Jimmy in 1904, Tommy in 1905. Most people thought that Tommy was older, possibly because his musical ability overshadowed Jimmy's. Their father was a music teacher who set Jimmy to the cornet when the boy was about six. At eight, Jimmy was playing the instrument in his father's parading brass band. He later switched to alto saxophone and then, logically enough, took up clarinet. Tommy also started off on cornet, switched to trombone, and decided he liked that instrument better. Certainly he was better at it; I heard him play cornet once, and it was a thrill of real listening horror. The point of all this is that the Brothers Dorsey came out of a strict background that had them in proper Sunday school suits, white collars and all (rather coal dust-stained), and that they did not exactly come out, they exploded.

The two of them were legends before they were old enough to vote. They got to New York before they had shaken that Shenandoah soot off. Jimmy, who first was with a band called The Scranton Sirens, was seventeen. He was hired by the Jean Goldkette band and toured with it. He played with Bix Beiderbecke in that band and then went back to Shenandoah to form, with Bruv, as he always called Tommy, The Dorsey Novelty Orchestra. When Tommy reached seventeen, he also took off from Shenandoah and rapidly became known to radio station and recording executives as a trombonist who was always a reliable purveyor of whatever it was he had on his musical mind.

The boys made money too fast, some

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people think, and drank up too much of it. But they had fine times, together and separately, and provided *great* times for those who were lucky enough to be around to hear them. Somehow we knew we were listening to jazz history in the making. Foreign jazzmen used to make trips to this country just to see them. The great French violinist Stephane Grapelly told me almost ten years ago, "I hocked everything I owned to get on a steamer to go to New York and hear Tommy Dorsey. He was gone from New York then; he was playing in St. Louis. Went to St. Louis. Was worth the hocking."

The Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra broke up in 1935 when, after the customary fist fight, Tommy left Jimmy to form his own band. The pair had uncovered more talent during their days together than most men of their time: Tommy had found a kid from Hoboken named Sinatra, whom he hired to sing for his band, and Jimmy had picked up Helen O'Connell, the queen of band singers. Miss O'Connell, after several years of retirement and domesticity, is still going strong. Mr. Sinatra is still going.

Eventually the brothers were invited to Hollywood for various jobs with their separate bands. They were not happy there, Jimmy later told me. Hollywood was happy with them, though, and in 1947 a film was made about their lives. It was called *The Fabulous Dorseys.* It did not make them seem fabulous, as any late-night television watcher can attest. Today, when I see Helen O'Connell and happen to mention this film, she shudders. Miss O'Connell, whose personal life has been as turbulent as those of the Dorsey boys, is not easily shaken. But what the filmmakers did to the Dorsey boys almost defies description.

Thomas Dorsey passed away many years ago. As far as that estimable repository of obits, *The New York Times,* knows, Mrs. Theresa Dorsey is still alive. There is no record of her passing. She would be in her nineties. However, from sources closer to home it has been determined that she did indeed die in February 1968 at the age of ninety. Jimmy died in 1957, a year after Tommy died. Most of us thought Tommy would outlast Jimmy, if only because he was younger, but neither boy was younger or tougher than his mother.

It usually is the case with talented brothers that the younger is the more experimental. In this case, it was Jimmy who was more adventurous. Early in Jimmy's career as a bandleader, Bing Crosby hired him and his band for a radio show sponsored by a company that made cheap cheese. At that time, both Crosby and Jimmy had been struck all but earless by the talents of Josephine Tuminia. Jimmy thought it would be fun to have his band play behind her. She would sing a song in straight operatic tones, and he would play in straight swing cadences. Jack Kapp, of Decca, thought this would be a good idea. It is not known, even by Miss Tuminia, to whom I spoke on the telephone not long ago, who it was who first decided upon "The Wren," a composition from the extensive library heaved upon the musical world by Sir Julius Benedict (1804-1885). All she remembers is that Toots Camarata arranged the Dorsey half and she stood on an orange crate to trill out her part. The recording was made in one take, which was unprecedented in those days. After this unlikely team finished, the question arose as to what the reverse side would be. "I'd like to sing 'The Blue Danube,'" she said.

The always reliable Camarata thereupon sat down and wrote out the Dorsey part, and she got up on her crate again and sang it. This one took two takes. It is not quite as good as "The Wren," but then hardly anything is. This was, as far as I know, the first meeting of classical and jazz talents ever to go on record. After it, the two kinds of music gradually began to draw closer and closer together.

So, strangely enough, did the Dorseys. Once they agreed to go their separate ways, they became fonder and fonder of each other. In 1953, Jimmy gave up his own band to join Tommy's orchestra. The Dorseys were united again, and after Tommy's death, in 1956, Jimmy went on playing and fronting it until he himself died in 1957.

One night in Columbus, Ohio, Jimmy was leading the Dorsey Brothers' band and welcoming old friends into the backstage area. Jimmy was expansive that night, telling Tommy stories. This was early in 1957. He had recovered from his grief over his little brother's death, and—possibly because he knew he was going to follow him out soon—was able to talk. "I never got as far as Bruv did, and maybe it was a good thing," Jimmy said. "I never had to go through the stuff he had to go through. I just had a place-to-place band. True, I made a hell of a lot of records, and I had good people working for me, but I was always 'Tommy Dorsey's brother,' more or less. He was the celebrity, and in those days of the big bands all the fans thought they owned him. I guess maybe this was reasonable enough. Anybody—you take, for example, Benny Goodman or the rest—can't do much in public without having some guy coming up and acting like he owns him. I did have it myself, a couple of times, but Bruv got it the worst. After

(*Continued on page* 69)

Lerner-Loewe (and Previn's) "Paint Your Wagon"

The long-awaited, much advertised film version of *Paint Your Wagon* is here, and with it, as collateral, is a disc providing the sound track, or as much of it as can be accommodated in a playing time of under an hour (Paramount stereo, PMS 1001, $4.98). So, through the finely suitable voices of Clint Eastwood ("Pardner") and Harve Presnell ("Rotten Luck Willie"), and, to some extent, the less fine, less suitable one of Lee Marvin (Ben Rumson), here again, in full—sometimes overpowering—stereo, are all the great songs that made *Paint Your Wagon,* of 1951, a portent of the great things to come from Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. These, of course, reached flood tide in *My Fair Lady* half a dozen years later and ran off with the rivulets of *Gigi* and *Camelot.*

But this is not only the Lerner-Loewe *Paint Your Wagon*—it is also the Lerner-Loewe-André Previn *Paint Your Wagon.* In the proper place, one reads "Frederick Loewe: Music; Alan Jay Lerner: Lyrics; André Previn: Music for Additional Songs." But one would search the cover of the jacket in vain to find any documentation of which content is by whom, and the souvenir book offered as bonus is no help either.

This drives the helpless purchaser to the record label, and if he is clever at reading small print and can swivel his head at 33 rpm while making out the credits, he will be reassured to discover that "They Call the Wind Maria," "I Talk to the Trees," "I Still See Elisa," "Wand'rin' Star," and "Hand Me Down That Can O' Beans" are still by Lerner and Loewe. This reserves to Lerner-Previn the credits for "The First Thing You Know," a ballad for Ben Rumson; "The Gospel of No Name City," a dramatic item for Parson; "Best Things," also for Ben Rumson; and "Gold Fever," for Pardner and Chorus. The finale comes out Lerner-Loewe-Previn, which suggests to me a collaboration in absentia. The blast of sound is more suitable for a Cinerama theater than a living room, but it can, by careful attrition of volume, be tamed to acceptability. Nelson Riddle's arrangements are also far from timid, but the totality is among the best ever evolved from a Broadway musical score. —I. K.

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Ray Bryant: *Sound Ray.* Bryant, piano; James Rowser, bass; Harold White, drums. Cadet stereo, LPS-830, $4.98.	If only because there are no brassy echoes from Tijuana, this is much better than Bryant's previous Cadet albums. The first side is rhythmically heavy-handed in accordance with the tenets of rock and soul merchandising. Ugly recording and White's generally stolid drumming do not help matters, but "Broadway" and "Li'l Darlin'" on the second side redeem everything. Here for ten minutes Bryant seems to be himself, or his old self—musicianly, assured, inventive.
Magic Sam: *Black Magic.* Magic Sam (Maghett), guitar and vocal; Eddie Shaw, tenor saxophone; Lafayette Leake, piano; Mighty Joe Young, guitar; Mack Thompson, bass; Odie Payne, Jr., drums. Delmark stereo, DS-620, $4.98.	Magic Sam's tragic death in Chicago last month at the age of thirty-two robbed the contemporary blues scene of one of the more vital of the younger players. This set, fortunately, does him justice, and he had professed himself well satisfied with it. Like most of today's bluesmen, he was strongly influenced by B. B. King, but he shouts and cries here with an easy authority, his guitar complementing the vocals admirably in solo and accompaniment. Delmark has another excellent album, belonging to an earlier blues tradition, by Roosevelt Sykes (*In Europe,* DS-616). As a pianist, he once exerted a wide influence, and he still sings and plays with virile conviction.
Marian McPartland: *Interplay.* Marian McPartland, piano; Linc Millman, bass. Halcyon stereo, 100, $5.98. (Halcyon Records, P.O. Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.)	This set seems to mark a step forward in Marian McPartland's recording career. It has a more reflective quality than its predecessors, sounding as though she no longer felt a need to *prove* her ability. In place of the bright, relentlessly aggressive spirit that characterizes most "modern" piano playing, there is a poised sensitivity. The intelligently varied program includes a couple of originals, the second of which, "Illusion," would not be unworthy of John Lewis.
Phineas Newborn: *Please Send Me Someone to Love.* Newborn, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Elvin Jones, drums. Contemporary stereo, S-7622, $5.98.	It has been a long time since this phenomenal pianist's last album appeared. In the meantime, according to annotator Leonard Feather, he has been practicing "six or seven hours a day," with the result that he can, on this evidence, sound like the most technically adroit pianist in jazz. Brown and Jones are masters, too, in their respective spheres, and they contribute tastefully, yet one is left wondering whether a musician with such remarkable command of the keyboard really needed them. The eight performances together represent a challenge to Oscar Peterson in terms of brilliance and power, but Newborn's virtuosity does not yet incorporate the imagination, swing, and felicity of touch that made Art Tatum unforgettable.
Jack Teagarden: *In Concert.* Teagarden, trombone and vocal; Dick Oakley, cornet; Jerry Fuller, clarinet; Don Ewell, piano; Stan Pulch, bass; Ronnie Greb, drums. Sounds stereo, 1203, $5.00. (Sounds Records, 1349 Carmen Drive, Glendale, Calif. 91207.)	In these cleanly recorded 1958 performances, Teagarden sings, plays, and announces the numbers with the unaffected, drawling charm that won him so many admirers throughout the world. His trombone, with its memorably mellow tone and relaxed phrasing, provides the high spots, but the accompanying group backs him well. Ewell and Fuller are impressive on "Beale Street Blues," and the pianist has a strong feature in "Handful of Keys." Apart from this Fats Waller composition, all the numbers are standards in the Dixieland repertoire.
Various Artists: *Blue Note's Three Decades of Jazz, 1939-1949, Vol. I.* Featuring: Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis, Earl Hines, Art Hodes, James P. Johnson, Thelonious Monk, piano; Sidney DeParis, Bunk Johnson, Frank Newton, Max Kaminsky, Jonah Jones, Fats Navarro, trumpet; Sidney Bechet, Barney Bigard, Edmond Hall, George Lewis, clarinet; Josh White, vocal; Charlie Christian, Teddy Bunn, Jimmy Shirley, Tiny Grimes, guitar; etc. Blue Note compatible stereo, two records, BST-89902, $5.98.	Blue Note, which has survived as a jazz label with singularly little compromise, has commemorated its thirtieth anniversary by releasing three two-record sets of unusual value. 1939 was in many ways an unpromising year for the beginning of any artistic enterprise, but it was then that Alfred Lion laid the foundations of the company. That there was a great deal happening in jazz at the time is shown in the first set, which is astonishing in its variety and overall quality. Boogie-woogie is represented by two of the better exponents (Pete Johnson is unaccountably absent), while two of the greatest jazz pianists, Earl Hines and James P. Johnson, offer dazzling performances in contrasting styles. More illuminating contrasts are afforded in the playing of Sidney Bechet, Barney Bigard, and Edmond Hall, three highly individualistic clarinet exports from New Orleans. The revival of interest in that city's basic product is recognized in recordings by George Lewis and Bunk Johnson. There is refreshing guitar playing by Charlie Christian, Teddy Bunn, and the underrated Jimmy Shirley, and very moving trumpet by Sidney DeParis and Frank Newton. What the programing scarcely prepares the listener for is the onset of bop. When the needle moves suddenly from Bunk Johnson to Fats Navarro, Thelonious Monk, Milt Jackson, and James Moody, the sense of outrage felt by older enthusiasts at the time is not inexplicable. In the other sets, Blue Note moves with the musical tide. *1949-1959* (BST-89903) introduces, among others, Bud Powell, J. J. Johnson, Clifford Brown, Miles Davis, Horace Silver, Jimmy Smith, John Coltrane, and Sonny Rollins, while *1959-1969* (BST-89904) brings Kenny Burrell, Donald Byrd, Eric Dolphy, Stanley Turrentine, and Ornette Coleman. The concise, pithy expression found throughout the first set gives way in these to the often repetitive verbosity that the LP encouraged. As an economical survey of developments in *small-band* jazz since 1939, the three sets will be hard to beat, but do not forget the all-important counterpoint Ellington and Basie were playing.
Paul Whiteman: *Paul Whiteman, Vol. II.* Whiteman, conductor, with orchestra featuring Bix Beiderbecke, Red Nichols, Bunny Berigan, trumpet; Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, trombone; Frankie Trumbauer, Jimmy Dorsey, alto saxophone; Mildred Bailey, Bing Crosby, vocal. RCA mono, LPV-570, $4.98.	Unlike the earlier Whiteman collection in the Vintage Series (LPV-555), this is not without jazz interest. A comic "Wang Wang Blues" from 1920 is included; otherwise all the material was recorded between 1927 and 1935 when Whiteman bore the title of "King of Jazz." The contrast between jazz solos and stodgy ensembles is often hilarious, but arranger Bill Challis was clearly ahead of his time. That he had thoroughly digested the phraseology of Beiderbecke and Trumbauer, and took pleasure in translating it, is evident in several passages for the brass and reed sections. —STANLEY DANCE.

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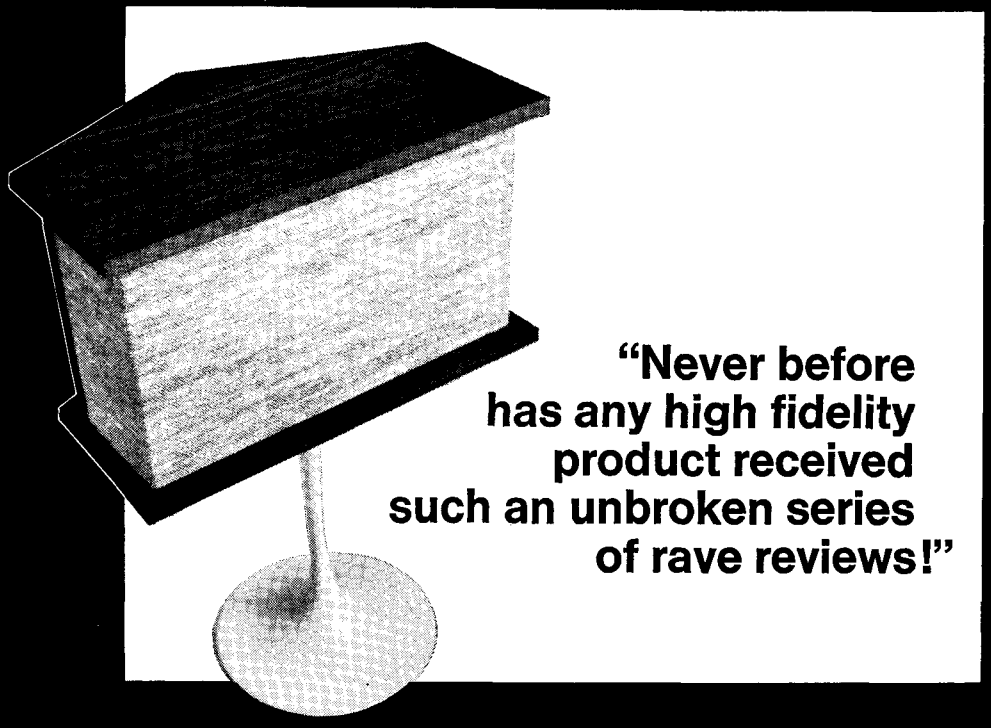

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"Everybody's Talkin'" About Nilsson

Harry Edward Christopher Nilsson, known to popsters as Nilsson, is a songwriter-performer whose work speaks well of him. One of an important group of hyphenates, including Joni Mitchell, Laura Nyro, and Randy Newman, Nilsson entertains and informs. He grabs for your mind and feelings, challenges them to respond, while satisfying many of us who find clarity of thought a must in music and lyrics.

For those who might be wondering at this point who this young man is, there might be a glimmer of recognition if you've seen *Midnight Cowboy*. Nilsson sings Fred Neil's "Everybody's Talkin'" in the film. "Without Her," the ballad popularized by Herb Alpert, Jack Jones, and Blood, Sweat and Tears, was written by him. "One," a chart entry as recorded by Three Dog Night, carries the Nilsson mark. At present, he is riding the upward wave with his "I Guess the Lord Must Live in New York City." This time, however, his own recording has done the trick.

Nilsson is a creature of the writing table and the recording studio. He feels no motivation to exhibit himself publicly. His RCA Victor albums, which now number three, reveal that, unlike a number of his pop colleagues, he is not obsessed with NOW. As a writer and performer, he has assimilated elements of old-time pop, motion picture and theater music, jazz, folk, soul, and pure corn—and blends them quite well.

The twenty-eight-year-old ex-Brooklynite, who makes his home in Hollywood, sprang himself from a job as a data computer supervisor at the Security National Bank in Van Nuys, California, when his songs began taking hold in 1967. Each year since then he has marketed an album, documenting his position and growth. All the LPs define his talent for deftly using the recording studio. Without undue distortion, he has created "productions," mingling the natural with electronic magic, all the while mirroring himself.

The first Nilsson collection was *Pandemonium Shadow Show* (RCA stereo, LSP-3874). Its producer: Rick Jarrard, who has served with distinction on the two subsequent projects as well. In a number of ways, the initial offering set the trend for the other albums. A variety of effects, diversified orchestration and instrumental support, and several provocative ideas are brought into play. The seed of originality is there, if somewhat tempered by the shadow of the awesome threesome—the Beatles—particularly of the Sgt. Pepper period.

Harry Nilsson—"He is amusing; at the same time he makes you think."

Despite his obvious admiration for John, Paul, and Ringo, Nilsson, his songs, performances, and recording techniques, tend to win you over. He uses his flexible, rangy voice solo and in multiple versions—unison, harmony, counterpoint. He moves through material formally and informally, with the suggestion of humor in his attitude, sometimes in the face of adversity. His "1941," a comment on the repetition of life patterns; "Sleep Late, My Lady Friend," an intimate drawing of a pleasurable boy-girl situation; and "Without Her," documenting the end of an affair —all these items define his feelings for melody, form, development, and nuance as a performer and song-writer.

The movement toward individuality is more obviously apparent on the artist's 1968 effort, *Nilsson Aerial Ballet* (RCA stereo, LSP-3956 RE). With the exception of Neil's "Everybody's Talkin'," all the material is his. The Beatles influence is inescapable once again—in the instrumental and tape effects, the simulation of the group's vocal sounds, even in the tenor of some of the songs—notably "Good Old Desk" and its play on words. But the rewards are on the rise. Nilsson tends to vary his backgrounds, bringing them out of the emulation bag. And again the songs are quite good.

With a view from the inside, Nilsson accurately sketches on "Mr. Richard's Favorite Song" the decline of a pop idol through the years. He sings "Little Cowboy," a charming lullaby remembered from his childhood—a natural for young parents to coax offspring to sleep at bedtime. The souring effect on an old tailor of the loss of loved ones and the rise of automation is sharply pictured as "Mr. Tinker" unfolds. We come to know and feel for a man "who wishes to mend his life, but then there's no one left to show." The album closes with "Bath," a bluesy, optimistic opus.

Harry Nilsson (RCA stereo, LSP 4197), the most recent of the three albums, indicates that this artist has found the way to himself. His concern is for his own vision and ideas; the Beatles have receded into the background. He is amusing; at the same time he makes you think. Once again he uses the overdubbing process with élan, often singing with and against himself. The accompaniment, sometimes suggesting camp, is more subtle. Generally, it buoys up and helps illuminate the character of each song.

Well-paced and interestingly programed, the LP includes material by Nilsson, Randy Newman, Bill Martin, and Jerry Jeff Walker, covering a number of bases. The instrumental backing runs from corn pone Dixieland to stark, folklike simplicity. Nilsson dives in, making real the larger and less obvious aspects of the material. The most immediately impressive entry is his "Open Your Window." Unabashedly sentimental, this undeniably melodious song grows on you as it progresses; the accompaniment, minimal at the outset, flares out bit by bit as we move along. Unequivocally, the lyrics state the "high" one feels in the midst of a comforting relationship. They say what has to be said—and intimate all that lies beneath.

The other songs must take a back seat to this gem. But several are noteworthy. Bill Martin's "City Life" brings into focus the man lingering in a big town awaiting that main chance that probably will never come his way. Nilsson's acid, brief comment on the uselessness of war, "Marchin' Down Broadway," should be auditioned. "Mournin' Glory Story," a Nilsson comment on a woman's slide to the lowest level of life, has a number of memorable images. Jerry Jeff Walker's "Mr. Bojangles" is deeply touching and notable for its rhythm and rhyme scheme. "Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear" by Randy Newman, which puts a lens on hypocrisy, sounds a plaintive note, and the album is over.

Nilsson gives us much to mull over in the LP that carries his name. We catch him in perspective: an inventive performer and writer—a man aware of himself and that which surrounds him. Nilsson cares. It would seem that he has allowed his art and concerns in life to lead him. He can't lose that way.

—Burt Korall.

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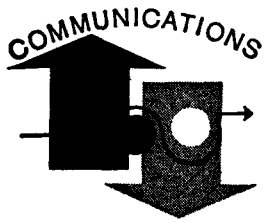

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Patronage, Privilege, and Postal Service

SR Communications

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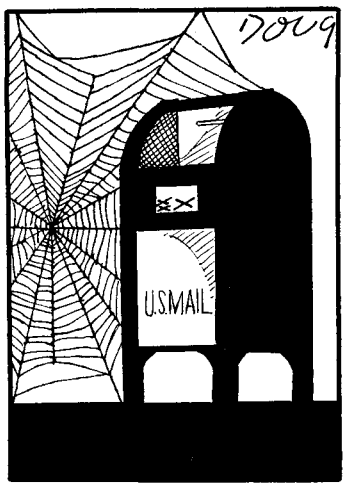

When a recent tie vote in the House Post Office Committee blocked the proposed postal reform bill, many Americans were led to believe that this excellent measure was dead and that the nation would always be stuck with the intractable bureaucracy known as the Post Office Department. Under heavy pressure from postal unions, as strong a lobby group as ever fed upon Capitol Hill, the idea of turning over the job of distributing the nation's mail to a federal corporation never reached the floor of the House, despite pleas by former President Johnson and by President Nixon, as well as logical and supportive argument in the press. Buckling under union (and patronage) pressure, the House committee killed—at least for the time being—one of the smartest ideas to come along in quite a while, a concept that will one day become law and might as well sooner as later.

The important phrase above is "at least for the time being," and it is the attitude that all is not lost that we should like to foster here. Former Postmaster Lawrence O'Brien, chief political architect of the federal postal corporation idea, said at the time that if the country's telephone system were run the same way as the Post Office Department, the carrier pigeon would have a great future. O'Brien's plan to sever the department's strangle hold on good postal service by creating a federal postal corporation would function under the watchful eye of Congress. Obtaining an affirmative vote, even in committee, faced stern opposition from two entrenched sources: Congressmen, who have the power to appoint postmasters and some lesser postal officials, and the postal unions. Three-quarters of a million postal employees represent an impressive source of precinct workers as well as a sizable vote. Yet, many a Congressman has found to his distress that postal patronage is, to quote *The New York Times*, "more of a nuisance than a privilege." The Post Office is a public utility and should function as such, though this is utterly impossible under the red-taped patronage system. The corporation plan solves almost all of the growing dilemmas of inadequate service, slower and slower delivery, and what amounts to federal arrogance.

Perhaps it would be well to reiterate some of the salient points of the federal postal corporation plan, points that speak persuasively for themselves. To begin with, it is necessary to understand that about half the total mail load handled by the U. S. Post Office now involves business-financial transactions—checks, bills, invoices, etc. Better than one out of every four pieces of mail is advertising; one in ten is either a magazine or a newspaper. Less than 15 per cent of the total pieces of mail handled last year by the Post Office represented correspondence between individuals, and more than half of this small percentage were greeting cards, the vast majority of them being sent at Christmastime.

During the country's early history, the postal system was about the only link between the frontier town and the federal concern. As such it became an integral arm of government policy-making and liaison. Prior to the railroad, the automobile, the airplane, the telegraph, the telephone, radio, television, or any combination of these modern means of communication, the U. S. Post Office served the vital function of keeping people informed and involved through a unifying federal network, albeit a primitive one. But as each of these new means of communication came upon the American scene, the need for the Post Office as a link between Washington and the hinterlands gradually diminished. Today, that need has virtually ceased to exist except for mail delivery per se.

In 1968, the President's Commis-

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sion on Postal Organization reported after an exhaustive two-year study that the Post Office should be taken out of the Cabinet and be reconstituted as a federal corporation with a board of directors and no patronage. This corporation would report to the Congress, to be sure, but it would by itself set the levels of service, determine postal rates after hearings, establish through collective bargaining all postal workers' wages, have the authority to borrow money on the open market and, eventually, to support itself entirely from its own revenues. Since the Post Office has an annual deficit of more than $1-billion, this last point alone should interest the average taxpayer, postal service aside.

Ironically, the postal employee would benefit more acutely than the general user of mail, if the postal corporation idea were to become law tomorrow. The vast majority of Post Office employees in this country either drop out of postal service or leave at the end of their careers in the same work status in which they began. There is little advancement hope for most workers in the postal vineyard, no incentive to do just a little extra, and, to make things worse still, wage scales on the outside are generally better than anything a postal employee can look forward to. About the only advantage the postman had in days gone by was the certainty of a federal pension, but with the coming of widespread Social Security and an ever increasing interest in retirement provisions in union contracts even this fringe benefit has become superannuated.

In any case, there can be no doubt whatever that postal service in this country has deteriorated and the system is a mess. In Connecticut, for instance, a letter mailed from Wilton to Westport, five miles away, has to go southwest to Stamford first, then back east to Westport, a trip that cannot take less than two days, and often takes four. Mail delivery within large cities across the nation is comparably pathetic. Ben Franklin once designed a sorting rack for postmen; the Post Office is still using it.

In spite of the honey of patronage, fear of the most formidable lobby on Capitol Hill, and a general Congressional distrust of anything new, logic rides with the federal postal corporation idea, and eventually it will, of necessity, become the law of the land. All it now needs in committee is one more vote to break the tie and get it to the floor of the House. By no means dead, this important piece of legislation must and will come to a President's desk for signature. Might as well be in this new year.

—Richard L. Tobin.

Letters to the Communications Editor

An Awful Lot in Between

Thank you for R.L.T.'s editorial "The Mirror of the News and Big Brother" [*SR*, Dec. 13]. The smaller the city, the more the average person is likely to get his outside news from TV or possibly a national news magazine. His local paper is taken up with local events with, possibly, a few AP accounts. It may be that the networks, as they say, try to give equal coverage to all sides—at least as far as the time element is concerned. However, Mr. Agnew is not wrong when he says much is slanted. For example, I was in Kansas the day of the October Moratorium and saw hundreds of cars with headlights on that day. That evening the network news (I can't recall which) showed the protests of for the most part sincere concerned people including some at a school in Newton, Kansas. For the antis, there was no one but Lester Maddox and two men from the Legion—not young ones either.

It seems, as you say, that when a newscaster or reporter makes the big league he spends most of his time in the New York-Washington corridor or on the West Coast. There is an awful lot in between.

R. J. Cowen,
Fort Worth, Tex.

R. L. T. states that at the Vatican, as in Athens, "it is perfectly obvious who shall decide what truth is." The equation seems rather far-fetched. It is only as ruler of tiny Vatican City that the Pope is at all comparable to the colonels who govern Greece, and I suppose in that area he would not be too concerned about possible press distortions. But he is also head of the Catholic Church, where in matters of faith and morals, he surely can and does decide "what truth is."

On this premise, in fact, the Church itself stands or falls. Some may want it otherwise, but you would hardly expect Msgr. Vallainc, head of the Vatican press service, to be of their number. Neither would you expect him to permit reporters, often of no faith at all, to decide what the Pope decided, thus compounding the confusion in matters of conscience, largely of cybernetic origin, already rampant in the Church.

J. Gredler, C. Ss. R.,
St. Mary's Seminary,
North East, Pa.

Sober Second Thoughts

To judge by the anguished outcries that have been going up from the television people, Vice President Agnew's speech must have hit them in a very tender spot. They realize that their news programs are at best mediocre, but perhaps they like it that way. The object is to make them good enough so that the viewers will sit through the commercials. That's where the money is.

Fred W. Friendly comes close to admitting this in his recent article "Some Sober Second Thoughts on Vice President Agnew" [*SR*, Dec. 13]. If the television people are really worried about censorship or government interference, their best defense would be to improve the quality of their programs. They might even go so far as to present some news programs without advertising and reserve the commercials for the entertainment programs, which is where they belong anyway. They enjoy a very lucrative monopoly and could easily afford to give the public this much.

William K. Munn,
Oakland, Calif.

The point is, Mr. Friendly, that we don't like the violence and drivel you feed us. We don't like the excessive ads; we are jealous of your power and prosperity, and we resent your preventing CATV from providing what might be good. It is not that we all agree with everything that the Vice President said, but that any blast in your direction is on the right target.

Herbert Fox Rommel,
Newport, R.I.

I wish I could share Fred Friendly's optimism that Vice President Agnew "may have provided a most valuable service in his Des Moines speech." Our NBC affiliate has announced that in the future it will not carry any comment (network or local) following Presidential speeches. We have long been spared CBS's Tuesday night news series and ABC's weekday newscasts. More of that kind of help we viewers in the hinterlands do not need.

Dorothy Stanich,
The Corpus Christi *Caller-Times*,
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Mr. Friendly places strong emphasis on the superior ability of professional broadcast journalists to "elucidate and illuminate the news out of common knowledge or special knowledge possessed by them. . . ." There seems to be an implied assumption that the millions of listeners or readers do not have the intelligence to understand what they hear

(*Continued on page 68*)

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ESTA HISTORIA LE PARA LOS PELOS A CUALQUIERA
¿QUIERES OÍR UNA HISTORIA QUE TE PARA LOS PELOS, BENI?
¡SÍ, ESPERA UN MINUTO!
EDITORS PRESS SERVICE, INC. NUEVA YORK
6021
¡BIEN, LÉEMELA!
AL SMITH

"This is a very hair-raising story!" "Beni, would you like to hear a very hair-raising story?" "Yes, wait a minute." "All right, read it to me."

JOSHUA B. POWERS, INC.: From Comic Strips to Mass Technology

by STUART W. LITTLE

In every decade of its existence, Joshua B. Powers, Inc., has grown in some new direction, always following a process of natural, organic expansion: advertising representation, news features, Sunday supplements, reference books—Powers in forty-odd years has developed complementary means of serving the foreign newspaper publisher. Then a few months ago, by merger, the company took another forward jump, this time into supplying advanced newspaper technology to overseas customers.

Today, Powers, almost without realizing it, is a publishing force to be reckoned with. It is a skillful news service specializing in Latin American clients, as well as being a communications combine of respectable size and world-wide influence, capable of distributing not only the printed word but the machinery to transmit it. Powers, in short, appears to be moving up into the industrial big leagues of communications.

For all this past and potential growth (the company maintains several springboards for future acquisition and currently is a key bidder for R. Hoe and Company, the big but bankrupt printing press manufacturer), Powers still has a small-shop look to it. It makes its headquarters in the brass-plated, 1920s Babylonian Fred R. French Building on Fifth Avenue in Midtown Manhattan. On the seventh floor, Powers operates out of a rabbit warren of small subdivided offices. A recent renovation has modernized appearances, but has done little to relieve the congestion in the yard-wide corridors, or to expand shoulder-constricting cubicles in which Spanish-speaking editors translate the latest Mutt and Jeff episode or an entire dictionary. Here, in restless proximity and where spoken Spanish prevails, are housed the main offices of the four components of Joshua B. Powers, Inc., namely:

- Editors Press Service, Inc., a competitor of King Features and United Press International, which distributes columns, features, and comics to newspapers throughout the world, from Art Buchwald and Joseph Alsop to Earl Wilson and *Yogi Bear*; serves as overseas representative for leading U.S. syndicates, among them the Bell-McClure, Los Angeles *Times*, National Newspaper, Publishers-Hall, and Washington *Star* syndicates; distributes in twenty-seven countries the daily Los Angeles *Times*, Washington *Post*, and Chicago *Daily News* wire services; and publishes Spanish-language books.
- *Hablemos*, a *Parade*-like Sunday supplement in Spanish with color printing distributed in eleven Latin American countries and circulated to more than a million families a week.
- Joshua B. Powers, Inc., which provides American advertising representation to Latin American newspapers, having started with *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires in 1926.
- ATEC, Inc., Philadelphia-based designers and installers of completely equipped newspaper printing plants utilizing photocomposition, computer controls, and high-speed web offset presses, with offices in Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, and Spain.

The Powers story is that of an older executive and a younger one. The former is Joshua B. Powers himself. At the age of seventy-eight, he is still springy and energetic, although he anticipates retirement one day soon to his farm in Vermont. The latter is forty-two-year-old E. Wharton Shober, who, through ATEC, which he formed, brought technology into the Powers house. The productive past is due to the firm's founder; the future, in Shober's hands, looks enormously promising.

Powers, behind his broad desk piled with newspapers of Latin American clients, is a small, compactly built man, who goes briskly about his daily routine with a cheerful, almost missionary zeal. Holding up the latest issue of *Hablemos*, he proclaims it "the best we've put out." He points out the ads, the full-color pages, the household improvement features. He is especially pleased that 80 per cent of the twenty-five or so Latin American writers among the regular contributors are under thirty years old. The gratifying statistics are all at his fingertips.

The founder's warm enthusiasm extends even to the comics, which bulk large in the weekly mailing packages to Latin American newspaper clients. "American comics have more influence throughout the world than we can imagine," says Powers. "And not because

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they're American, but because they're universal. There's a Jiggs in every country." To prove his point, Powers got up and walked to a glass-covered bookcase. From the top he took down a framed color photograph of himself with a Japanese friend, Mr. Nikagawa, general manager of Tokyo's *Asahi Shimbun*, which has the largest daily circulation of any newspaper in the world. "You see, even Mr. Nikagawa looks just like Jiggs."

Following the merger that took place last September, Powers moved up to chairman of the board. Today, he has the wise, benevolent manner of the seasoned newspaperman, and is still fervent about informational services. Shober, who has taken over as president and chief executive officer of the company, is more the modern, mobile, acquisition-conscious executive. But he shares with Powers a missionary spirit: "We're in the business of finding ways to publish newspapers more cheaply through technology, and in that way we hope to have some small effect on world literacy. It's an exciting prospect."

Following newspaper training and a stint as a wire service bureau manager in Buenos Aires, Joshua Powers shifted into advertising representation for *La Prensa* in New York, and in 1926 Powers as a company came into being. The first diversification into news service came in 1932, when Editors Press Service was formed to supply Latin American newspapers with American news features. Powers in time established such a strong place for American material throughout Latin America that in the mid-1930s even Hitler became intrigued. With his Jewish first name, Powers says, he was surprised to be given the grand tour of ministries in Nazi Germany in 1935. Then he realized they wanted his key to successful communications in Latin America.

Powers is caustic about our government's informational efforts in Latin America. He deplores particularly the free and indiscriminate flooding of Latin America with features, conflicting as they do with his own efforts to build up a paid news service whose value Latin American publishers have learned to respect and trust. It all began under "the well-meaning but inexperienced" Nelson Rockefeller during his period as Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. "You can only fill the pail so high," said Powers. "Then it spills over and gets messy. To the extent that the United States has a bad name in Latin America, you can blame the United States Information Agency."

He got up from his desk and led the way down the hall to Editors Press Service. To the original function of supplying news features, another editorial mission has been added. The result is a growing list of Powers paperbacks for the Spanish-speaking market —dictionaries, encyclopedias, texts, and manuals, with editions running to 25,000 copies each. Farther along, next to north windows, at tilted drawing boards, two artist-translators — one Ecuadorian, one Cuban—were at work razoring out the speech balloons above the heads of familiar comic-strip characters and substituting "Pows!" and "Wows!" in Spanish.

At the end of the last corridor, deep inside the Powers office complex, is the heart of the operation, the mail room. Managed by Irving Zellman for more than thirty years, the mail room is no wider in any direction than twenty feet. On the worn worktable, weekly packages are assembled containing *Jiggs* and *James Bond* and Ann Landers and Art Buchwald—three or four hundred features, eighty daily comic strips and Sunday pages—for over 600 newspapers around the world. The weekly postage bill runs around $750. A lot of the features go out in magenta-colored matrices, the reinforced cardboard mats that mold the molten printer's lead. But the market in the last two or three years has turned decisively to offset; in Latin America 35 per cent of Powers's 180 newspaper customers have recently converted to offset.

For this development, Wharton Shober and ATEC—the new part of Powers —can take some of the credit. Whereas Powers is a Kentuckian by birth—his father was a traveling real estate developer whose repeated moves introduced child Joshua to a succession of schools—and a newspaperman by training who got his first job on the Houston *Chronicle*, Shober, his younger associate, is a Main Line Philadelphian enjoying such gentlemanly pastimes as fox-hunting, and harboring adventurous instincts to equal those of Powers. He founded ATEC in 1957 with $25,000 in borrowed capital.

Shober mixes idealism with sound financial thinking. "Services Powers performs on the one hand help to recommend services it is capable of performing on the other hand. A good customer of its news services becomes a potential customer of its technological equipment — and that, finally, is where the real money is.

"Intercommunication is the key to it for me. I take the attitude that every time a person reads something or holds a conversation with someone he is changed or influenced, or at least that principal muscle in his head is exercised and strengthened. I believe in the written word, and the written word contains the seed of its own growth. The more a person reads, the more he will read. Our purpose is to make the production of the printed word cheaper. Of course. we are a business. You will say we are in it for a profit, and we are. But the basis of everything we do is intercommunication. To me that is everything."

Shober calculates that, by providing a newspaper plant with inexpensive web offset printing presses and photocomposition equipment, he can reduce the cost of printing a newspaper of 16,000 circulation by 50 per cent. The percentage of savings decreases as circulation goes up, because fixed newsprint costs become a proportionately larger share of the whole, but with the smaller plant substantial savings can be made.

The ATEC component of Powers recently began equipping a small-circulation newspaper in Venezuela put out by sixty-seven production employees, including the Linotype machine operators. "By the time our equipment is installed, we estimate the paper could be put out by eight people," says Shober. "In order to play safe, we are saying eleven."

Shober installed his first printing press in Managua, Nicaragua, for the President, General Anastasio Somoza, who owns the capital's principal newspaper, *Novedades*. When Shober returned later to see how it was running, he encountered a fiercely angry General apparently fully prepared to liquidate him in good Latin American fashion. Rolling off the new press was a smudgier newspaper than before. Shober made some hurried adjustments, repairing both the newspaper's image and his own, and was later rewarded by being designated the unpaid consul general of Nicaragua in

WIT TWISTER #147

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The peaceful _ _ _ _ blessed
this fruitful plain.
Our _ _ _ _ were rich with
ripe and rippling grain.
Full _ _ _ _ and golden
sheaves we'd harvest still,
But war has come, and all is _
_ _ _ and chill.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 69*)

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Philadelphia—a position of privilege and few duties, but one which entitles him to diplomatic license plates for his car and gold-embossed calling cards.

Shober's technicians work in odd corners; they are now installing a plant in Khartoum at the confluence of the White Nile and the Blue Nile. In 1967, ATEC installed four plants; in 1968, eight; in 1969, fourteen; and this year, Shober estimates, the number will be about twenty. The cost of most of these small-size newspaper modernizations is under $200,000, and they pay for themselves, Shober says, in the short term.

Like other Powers executives, Shober is forced to travel a lot, particularly in Latin America. Scheduled airline service is adequate for the principal cities, but hopeless, or at best uncertain, for provincial cities. Looking for a direct way to overcome this inconvenience, Shober put in flight instrument time and bought an $80,000 Cessna T337 Skymaster, a turbo-charged, high-altitude aircraft equipped with push and pull propellers. Last year he set out on his first solo flight to Latin America. The trip was not uneventful. In flight on the first leg a circuit breaker gave out, killing the running, landing, and cabin lights. He studied the plane's manual under a flashlight beam. No clues. But, luckily, the British airfield on Barbados was lighted, and he was able to land safely. A Pan American maintenance man located the problem, and Shober continued on his way to Trinidad. Flying up the Orinoco River over the Venezuelan jungle, alone, in his own new plane, on its maiden flight, Shober allowed himself to think momentarily in self-congratulatory terms. What a hell of an adventurer he really was, far above the crocodile-infested jungle river!

He opened a Coke to celebrate. To dispose of the bottle, he leaned over, unfastened the side window beside the pilot's seat, and tossed the bottle into the jungle below. In that instant, remembering the rear propeller, Shober was seized with horror. He held his breath for a couple of heartbeats. Miraculously, the plane kept on steadily, motors humming. When he landed, he saw the tip of one of the blades of the rear propeller folded back on itself like the pull tab of a beer can. Sobered, he completed his journey to sixteen countries safely, traveling 10,000 miles in seven weeks.

Shober's wide-ranging executive curiosity has led him even farther afield, and once he sat down and figured out a way to simplify the workings of a

(*Continued on page 69*)

INTERNATIONAL SUCCESS STORY

HPT Joint Venture? The Old Paris "Herald"!

by WALTER B. KERR

PARIS.

I call your attention to HPT Joint Venture, the name of a little-known partnership whose unofficial board of directors meets here twice a year, in June and December, to study the operating results and to discuss the future of a remarkably successful publication. The partners are the owners of the old New York *Herald Tribune*, the Washington *Post*, and *The New York Times*; their Paris-based publication is the *International Herald Tribune*, a daily paper that has been known as the Paris *Herald* ever since James Gordon Bennett founded it more than a hundred years ago.

HPT Joint Venture (The "H" comes from Herald, the "P" from Post, and the "T" from Times.) is in the black, which is news in a way because it was organized only in the spring of 1967, when the European edition of the *Herald Tribune* and the international edition of the *Times* were merged after a six-and-a-half-year fight for supremacy; and at that time both editions were losing money.

This is not to say that a profitable combination was unforeseen. A joint paper looked like a sure winner, but the planners, as they sought to forecast what would happen with one paper in the field instead of two, were cautious. Sharp in their memory was the experience of the *World Journal Tribune* in New York, where three losers were put together in 1966 and came out a loser. What would happen if two losers were put together? How much circulation could be anticipated? How much advertising? At what rates? As things turned out, the combined paper took off almost from the start. Today its paid circulation, which is approaching 100,000 on a year-round basis, is higher than the total of the two papers that went into it; the whole is greater than the sum of its original parts.

And so, as you might expect, those semiannual meetings of HPT Joint Venture are friendly affairs. There is no hot breath on the neck. Present are John Hay Whitney, Walter N. Thayer, and Robert T. MacDonald, all former *Herald Tribune* men, who, if they lost a battle to the *Times* in New York, had the upper hand in Paris. Present, too, are Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Harding F. Bancroft, and Ivan Veit, respective-

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WALTER B. KERR is former editor of the European edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* and former manager of *The New York Times*'s international edition.

INTERNATIONAL
Herald Tribune
Published with The New York Times and The Washington Post

62 Czech Deputies Are Ousted In Broad Purge of Liberals

U.S. to Cut Consular Posts by 19

To Trim Military Abroad by 15,000

Alleged Vietnam Massacre Condemned by White House

"Abhorrent to the Conscience Of All the American People"

... And in Italy Reds Suspend Three Leaders of Left Wing

Lodge Says U.S. Would Discuss

The New Paris "Herald"—"A remarkably successful publication."

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ly publisher, executive vice president, and vice president of *The New York Times*. Also present are Mrs. Katharine Graham, publisher, and Paul Ignatius, president, of the Washington *Post*, and Frederick S. Beebe, chairman of the board of the Washington Post Company. In the current venture, the Whitney interest is about 34 per cent, with 33 per cent owned by the *Times* and about 33 per cent by the *Post*.

To understand how all this came about, we have to go back to the 1950s when Mr. Whitney, then American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, bought the New York *Herald Tribune* and, along with it, its European edition. At that time, the European edition was making money, but the New York paper was locked in competitive struggle in what was proving to be the most difficult newspaper market in the world, and the *Times* was its most dangerous rival. Then, in October 1960, the battleground was extended to Europe. The *Times* launched its international edition to compete with the *Herald Tribune*'s European edition, and the battle was on. For news, circulation, and advertising, it raged throughout the world. Every device that was reasonable, and some that were not, were resorted to. The *Times* brought in the full report of the New York and American Stock Exchanges, including the highs and lows for the year; the *Herald Tribune* filled out its partial list. The *Times*, which had a later deadline, hired planes to fly its papers to distant points; both papers laid on trucks for the night ride to West Germany and the Low Countries. Eventually, the *Herald Tribune* slipped into the red; the *Times* never got out of it.

Meanwhile, the situation was worsening in New York, and in December 1962 there came the punishing 114-day strike that closed every one of the city's eight metropolitan papers and set in motion a series of developments that reduced their number to the present three. While it lasted, and shortly thereafter, there was talk of ending the bloodletting abroad by merging the Paris papers, but nothing came out of a series of informal discussions. Which brings us down to 1966, when Whitney was compelled to close his New York operation. At the same time, he decided to keep his Paris paper going—to see it through. It was a difficult decision to make, for, although the *Times* clearly was having Paris trouble, its circulation was rising, its advertising revenue was increasing, and it was just moving into a new printing plant, giving every indication of digging in for the long haul. Furthermore, he now had no newspaper base from which to operate in the United States—no American staff to fall back on. The moves that followed, however, came quickly. In September 1966, Robert T. MacDonald, a young newspaper manager who had been executive vice president of the New York paper, was named publisher, and Murray M. (Buddy) Weiss, a former *Herald Tribune* newsman, became editor of the European *Herald Tribune*. They were given a free hand to turn out the best paper they knew how. In December, Whitney reached an understanding with the Washington *Post*, creating with it a form of partnership that was known for a while as Whitpost Joint Venture (Whitney Communications, Inc., and the *Post*); this gave him the American base he needed. Finally, he ordered new, tape-operated, linecasting machines for his Paris plant at 21 rue de Berri so that he could compete more effectively with the international edition of the *Times* by printing the full daily report of the New York financial markets. If there had been a tough newspaper fight before, there was a tougher fight to come. To head it off, negotiations were opened in New York, and the merger was promptly agreed upon. The *Times* closed its paper and threw its resources, which were considerable, behind the combined enterprise. HPT Joint Venture was in business.

It was a happy combination. To the astonishment of everyone, it turned out there was not much duplication of circulation. Readers of the old papers stayed with the new one, and the *International Herald Tribune* set about to give them the best of both and to acquire a personality of its own. It now had the prestigious news reports of *The New York Times* and of the Washington *Post*-Los Angeles *Times*. It had the Associated Press and United Press International. It had the French news agency, Agence France-Presse. And it had access not only to the editorial judgment of the *Times* and the *Post* (which do not always see alike) but to its own (which may be taken as a reflection of the thinking of Whitney Communications, Inc.). So much for the raw material that goes into the production of a newspaper—the news, opinion, and entertainment that are all a newspaper has to sell. From the start, it had more talent going for it than is available to most dailies in the United States.

But, also from the start, HPT Joint Venture, or the *International Herald Tribune*, faced a significant fork in the road. It could have gone in either one of two directions. It could have taken the road the *World Journal Tribune* took, which would have meant one paper run by three, or three fingers in the pie. Or it could have taken the road it already had embarked upon, with policy recommendations, day-to-day decisions, and the execution of policy in the hands of Publisher MacDonald and Editor Weiss. HPT Joint Venture took the high road; the permanent staff is essentially what it was before the merger. MacDonald runs the paper with the help of General Manager André Bing, who was general manager of the European *Herald Tribune* in the old days. Weiss selects from all the news sources available to him the material he thinks best reflects the news and opinion of the day. If there is a significant Washington or international development, he may decide to run the story as reported by the *Times*, or he may prefer it as reported by the Washington *Post*. He may think the AP tells it more succinctly, or that the UPI has wrapped it up in a way that is more understandable to his readers. But the decision is his. There is no one from the *Times* or the *Post* looking over his shoulder.

In the process, the personality of the paper is changing—radically, in newspaper terms, for newspapers are slow to change with the times, but steadily along the lines it has been changing on ever since World War I ended. Prior to 1914-1918, the old Paris *Herald* was essentially a house organ for the American colonies in Paris and London. It covered the news in its way, but it was written primarily for men and women who seldom saw or could not read the European-language press and to whom the lives of European royalty were as exciting as any spot news of the day. After World War I, however, with the purchase of the New York *Herald* by the New York *Tribune*, the

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Paris paper became more serious in tone and more mature in content, although it was still edited for its American readers in France, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy. Those were lively newspaper days. Paris was Paris, and a vital part of the day's news report was the passenger list of a ship from New York docking at Cherbourg, Le Havre, and Southampton. Still the paper was widening its appeal, and whatever it reported was eagerly read.

The next big change came with the close of World War II when Ogden Reid, then owner of the New York *Herald Tribune*, reopened (after the German occupation of Paris) with a more newsworthy newspaper. From then on, it became more of a European than a Parisian daily; and European readers responded, for their own press was slow to revive after the war. Within a few years, it was estimated that about a third of the paper's readership was non-American. With less emphasis on news of Paris, the circulation pattern soon settled down to about 25 per cent in France and the rest scattered largely in Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, West Germany, Italy, and Spain.

The evolution goes on. The *International Herald Tribune* is less of a Paris paper than it has ever been and more and more of an international paper, closer in some respects to the international edition of the *Times* than to the European edition of the *Herald Tribune*. It no longer specializes on the restaurants and night life of Paris or on what American notable is in town. It has even dropped its daily report on the art galleries, the movies, the museums, and the theater. Instead, a reader finds solid fare he cannot get in the guidebooks or the pamphlets distributed free by hotel concierges. There is a daily review of books published in the United States, which is entirely new. There are articles by James Reston and other columnists of the *Times* and the Washington *Post*. Unlabeled editorials are written especially for the paper; those that reflect the viewpoints of the *Post* and the *Times* are so identified. Last, it is cleaner looking, better laid out, and livelier in appearance than either of its predecessors.

And circulation continues to rise, especially among European readers who are now believed to make up half of the total. It reaches its high during the summer months, when travelers are on the move, and its low during January, February, and March, but it averaged more than 93,000 copies a day throughout the twelve-month period that ended last June 30, and each month since then shows up better than the corresponding month of the previous year.

No wonder HPT Joint Venture is a happy affair!

Can Journalism Schools Improve the Press?

by JOHN TEBBEL

While critics of the press have lately been running through litanies familiar since the colonial political authorities complained that the first newspaper in America embarrassed their foreign policy (and promptly shut it down), those professionally involved with the media have been speculating about how to improve performance in a time of challenge and widespread disbelief.

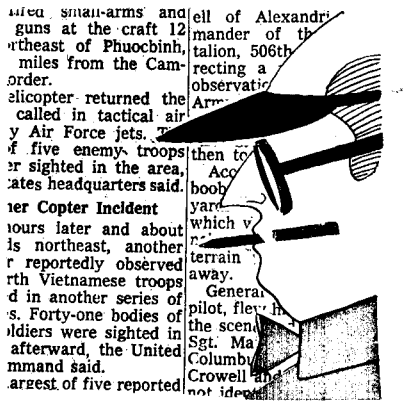
No one doubts that the performance of both broadcast and print journalism could and should be improved. The improvement, however, ought to come from professional concern and knowledge, and not through pressure by laymen who want to implant their own standards of news judgment. As one eminent editor has observed, few people outside the professions of law and medicine would have the presumption to tell lawyers how to argue a case or surgeons how to perform an operation, but every Tom, Dick, and Spiro appears to feel qualified to tell media people how to perform their jobs, even though many of these critics, from the White House on down, are unable to perceive any grammatical difference between "media" and "medium."

When one looks at the real and not the imaginary faults of the press, the true meaning of that abused omnibus word "communications" becomes more apparent. No matter what medium carries them, words are the essence of communication, and more and more it appears that the *quality* of what is being transmitted is being overshadowed by *quantity* and by sheer technology. If the media can be said to have two major faults, one would certainly be the prevalence of careless, even trivial writing. The other would be the inability or unwillingness of so many media people to dig below the surface of the news. Taken together, these constitute formidable obstacles to conveying the news of our troubled times and to giving it perspective.

These are major faults and no doubt account in part for the general dissatisfaction with press performance among readers and viewers, although these audiences attribute their discontent to other factors, most of them self-serving fantasies. There is also to be considered the fact that most of the public is completely ignorant of how news is gathered and edited, as is clearly evident from the nature of recent attacks on the media. The communications industry has a large job of education confronting it in this respect.

But if the quality of the media is to be improved, we must look in two directions—toward the media managers, who need to be aware of their problem and determined to do something about it, and toward the chief source of supply of writers and editors, the nation's schools and departments of journalism.

When the Nieman Fellowships at Harvard were first announced, *The New Yorker* viewed with disdain their proclaimed purpose of elevating the standards of journalism. After all, said the magazine, Hearst had gone to Harvard, and he couldn't elevate the standards of journalism with a derrick. This stylish piece of acidity turned out to be as shallow as a Hearst editorial. The fellowships *did* raise standards, because they made good newspapermen better informed and more thoughtful about what they were doing. Other fellowship programs in various parts of the country, funded by the Ford Foundation, are performing a similar service today. But the numbers involved in these programs are small, and the hope for any widespread improvement rests on the increasing number of J-school graduates who are staffing the newsrooms and who today dominate the major newspapers and networks. What, one may



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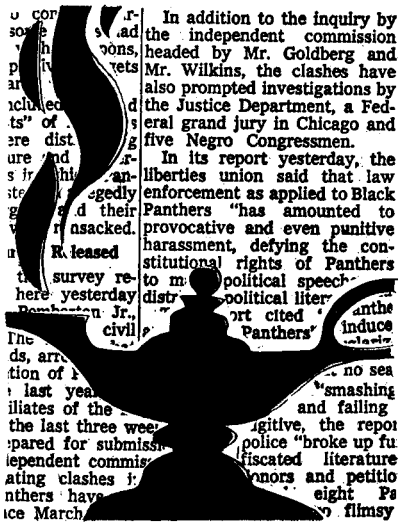
reasonably ask, are the schools doing to improve the profession further?

There is one way in which they are not helping, and that is the continued and increasing production of Ph.D.s in communications. Leaving aside the "chi squares vs. green eyeshades" controversy, it could hardly be argued that any but a few of these graduates are qualified to gather and edit the news, nor should they be expected to do so. They have been trained in a different discipline, and their vocation lies in another direction. A few may have a talent for media writing, but most communicate in the professional language of the sociologist and the psychologist, an intramural tongue hardly understood by others.

Yet, it is commonplace for journalism professors, deans, and heads of departments to find in their small advertisements of faculty openings from other institutions in which the specifications often read: "Must have media experience, and also have, or be near to having, the Ph.D. degree." To the advertisers, there apparently is no contradiction in these demands, but it is common observation that the number of people worth having with any kind of media experience who are also Ph.D.s, or likely to be, is infinitesimal. Many of the best writers and editors never went beyond the simple B.A., and a few did not reach even that stage.

Professional instruction in journalism takes place largely on the undergraduate level, and its quality is directly related to the media experience of the instructor, as well as his ability to convey what he knows. Inevitably, some schools assemble highly qualified faculties; others simply make do with what they have. Here the dead hand of academicism can be felt in the unprofessional approach of some administrators, and in accrediting procedures that place more value on fac-


In addition to the inquiry by the independent commission headed by Mr. Goldberg and Mr. Wilkins, the clashes have also prompted investigations by the Justice Department, a Federal grand jury in Chicago and five Negro Congressmen.
In its report yesterday, the liberties union said that law enforcement as applied to Black Panthers "has amounted to provocative and even punitive harassment, defying the constitutional rights of Panthers
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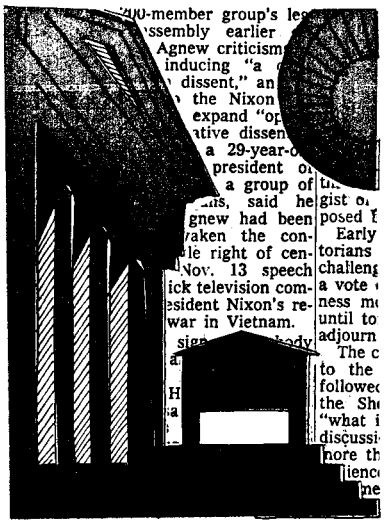

ulty members' degrees than upon their experience. A school or department with a brilliant assemblage of working practitioners of the craft on its part-time staff can nevertheless be threatened with non-accreditation, if these faculty members do not have the proper academic "union cards." Supposedly, journalism students are being trained for a profession in which the use of words is the vital essence. Writing is what journalism is all about. It seems only simple logic that it should be taught by experienced writers and editors, regardless of their academic backgrounds.

Surprisingly, the idea that journalism training should be on a high vocational level, like that for doctors and lawyers, is gaining new acceptance today, after being sneered at so long by the academicians. "Relevance," the word without which the young would be speechless, has put journalism in a new light; as the current arguments over the media testify, there are few things more relevant today than the communications business.

In the restructuring of curricula taking place everywhere, journalism is now mentioned without an accompanying sneer even in the sacred precincts of Harvard, where it is being discussed as a possible new course of study. Except for Columbia, the Ivy League schools have always disdained journalism in following their traditional classical patterns of education, but the student revolt has changed that, among other things.

Existing journalism curricula are also subject to change, sometimes without much notice, in these hectic days. The problems are not easy. Some student needs and demands are logical and not difficult to meet through revisions that should have been made long ago. Others are far too permissive to be useful to people who intend to work in the media. As any experienced writer or editor knows, it is essential to have as broad a background as possible, especially in political and cultural history, yet more and more students try to concentrate their work in a single narrow field of individual interest, and many are so ignorant of the past that they find themselves quite unable to deal with any kind of writing not concerned with contemporary social problems. Many, too, have little respect for the craft of writing itself, as the pedestrian rhetoric of the New Left and the semi-literate prose of the underground press amply testify.

Here again the J-schools are not equipped to deal with some new kinds of students who appear in their classes. The black student, for example, whose ambition is to establish and operate a ghetto newspaper, will probably find little that satisfies him, or even helps him much, in most curricula. The dedicated activist who thinks of the newspaper (or any other medium) only as an instrument of social protest whose purpose is to help bring about social changes will not find anything to interest him in classes that talk about getting the news and presenting it as fairly and accurately as possible. Among a good many students there is an utter disdain for that concept, which has dominated the best newspapers of this century.

Most journalism training elsewhere in the world is based more or less on this idea, even in countries whose press is not particularly dedicated to the proposition, as in France. Journalism education abroad is often in the hands of editorial trade unions, or in a partnership of those unions with government, as in Holland. In Britain it is controlled by a coalition of the government and the newspaper proprietors. In these and other countries, the objective is recruitment of trained personnel for the business. Only in a few places is such education within the province of faculties of philosophy or law, and in these the curriculum is taken up largely with communications methodology, and such training as exists is left to the media, who do little or nothing about it.

England remains the one country where every effort to date to make journalism education a part of university training has failed. This may be less surprising when one considers that only recently have the Oxbridge authorities agreed to recognize sociology as an academic discipline and have permitted it to be taught. Those who have fought hard to gain a similar recognition for journalism were not even listened to seriously by Oxbridge, and the Redbricks, though at least will-

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ing to talk, have not opened their arms. The opposition has come not only from the universities, but from the newspaper proprietors and the trade unions. Even the kind of on-the-job training for young journalists that the National Council for the Training of Journalists has done so well may soon disappear in the new educational bureaucracy controlling British universities.

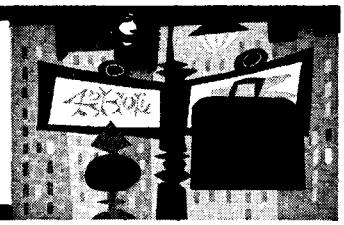
Nothing of that sort can happen here. Journalism education is too long established and in too healthy a condition to be shot down by old-fashioned editors or a few anachronistic university administrators. But it is suffering from that fashionable contemporary affliction, an identity crisis. Those who want to isolate it from the real world of the media as an academic discipline unrelated to professional performance will have little but sympathy to offer to newspapers and broadcasters who are under attack from critics of every variety, and who hope to fight back by improving their product.

On the other hand, those who want to improve professional training and adapt it to present needs, in an effort to raise the quality of the media by strengthening their personnel, find their intention impeded both on and off the campus, and often by their own students.

Some journalism educators, at least, are coming to understand that it is irrelevant to argue about whether the news judgment of a politician, a political administration, a minority, or a great silent majority should be substituted for that of reporters and editors. Whatever mistakes of judgment the latter may make, it seems obvious that a free press in a democracy cannot operate except through unfettered control by people who are obligated to no one but themselves. Responsibility, yes, and provision for a broad spectrum of opinion in the press as a whole—but these things we already have in about as much measure as is possible in our society. What we do not have is a press that is adapting itself rapidly enough to changing times, and that often lacks writers and editors sufficiently skilled to use the word, with which knowledge begins, to inform readers and viewers as they must be informed.

It seems equally plain that there is nowhere else the media can turn to for help in improving their product and fulfilling their obligations, implied by the same First Amendment that protects their freedom, than the journalism schools. If the schools are to continue to justify their long existence, it is a problem to which they might well address themselves.

Madison Avenue



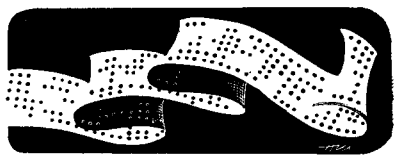
What Is an Advertising Agency?

There would appear to be few businesses, at the moment, in so violent a state of ferment as the advertising agency business. Never staid in its operation, always given to a restiveness seldom encountered in, say, a law firm or an insurance company, the advertising agency business during the past few years has surpassed its own performance as a vat of bubbling activity.

New, small agencies have mushroomed at an unprecedented rate, stressing their creative capabilities, and not only de-emphasizing but not setting up to offer other services, such as media selection and placement. At the same time, media personnel have left the larger, so-called "full service" agencies to establish service organizations specializing in media placement and providing no other service beyond this. Agencies that once had extensive marketing departments have disbanded these as their advertiser clients have assumed the marketing function. The agency account executive, whose position as principal liaison between agency and client was so recently threatened by the insistence of the client on dealing directly with creative personnel, has risen to new importance as the only member of the account group able to converse meaningfully with the client's marketing people. The agency TV producer, supplanted by the demand of the writer-art director team to see the commercials it created right through to production—on the quite logical grounds that a commercial isn't fully conceived until it is on film or tape—appears to be on the way back as TV production costs have spiraled, largely because of the C. B. DeMille inclinations of the writer-art director team. If this were not enough, a number of larger, long-established agencies, acutely aware of the preoccupation of many of their clients with creative éclat, began installing highly touted creative personalities to reshape their creative image.

All this ferment and creativity would seem to indicate trouble beneath the surface. Started just about a century ago as a broker of space in newspapers and magazines, the modern advertising agency evolved largely as a result of competitive pressure rather than along planned lines of development. Adding first free writing and design services to its space brokerage operation, the growing advertising agency began extending its list of "freebies" as competing agencies came upon the scene in alarming number. It is possible, therefore, that the accepted and traditional structure and roster of services of the advertising agency as a marketing arm of the advertiser are overdue for a change.

The handwriting on the wall probably appeared with no Daniel to interpret it, when the American Association of Advertising Agencies and the Periodical Publishers Association agreed to a consent decree under which advertisers no longer had to place their advertising through an agency to obtain the 15 per cent discount formerly given by media to advertising agencies exclusively. Not all advertisers, when



this happened, fired their agencies forthwith and began providing for their own needs. But with the consent decree it became apparent that the advertising agency, as an institution, existed largely because of the media commission system and not solely because of the provision of a mystique unobtainable elsewhere.

On top of this, as agencies began asking for fees to prop up admittedly sagging profits, advertisers who agreed obviously wanted to have spelled out just what they were getting; as a result, the place of the agency in the advertiser's total marketing operation came under closer scrutiny than ever before. The concomitant rise of the marketing director in the advertiser's hierarchy to a position of authority over both sales and advertising inescapably sharpened the scrutiny. For now advertisers not only had become free to create and place their own advertising, but were assuming one of the major responsibilities the agency had previously shouldered. Then advertising agencies started going public, many using their publicly traded shares to acquire companies in unrelated fields in order to

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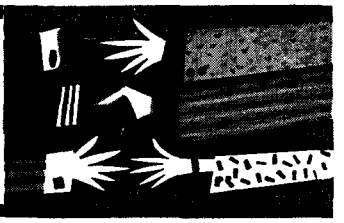
improve both stability and profits, suggesting that agencies themselves were beginning to question the soundness of their basic structure, their place in the marketing picture, and their future.

This is not meant to imply that the advertising agency business is about to disappear from the scene. But rather that the agency business has reached a stage at which it might usefully determine just where it does fit, and what it can most usefully and profitably offer in a manufacturing-marketing complex that employs today, at no little cost, an array of outside services—some of which were not in existence just a few years ago—from management consultants, data processing centers, and industrial design firms to telephone system analysts, travel agents, and Kelly girls. The list is impressive, and somewhere in it is the advertising agency, working harder than ever and under greater pressure to justify the place it once enjoyed in splendid isolation.

Entrusted annually with the strategic spending of billions of communications dollars, the advertising agency as such is likely to be around for some time to come. What is happening, indeed, is not even an indication of sickness. What is happening is an intense analysis of agency services. It would be salutary if, as a result of the analysis and whatever changes it engenders, the advertising agency business found itself more nearly a profession than it has allowed itself—or has been permitted by those who use it—to be. For despite some of the derogatory terms coined about it, such as hucksterism, the advertising agency business numbers among its thousands of practitioners, at all levels, some of the most alert, sensitive, intelligent, earnest, dedicated, hard-working individuals to be encountered anywhere, in business or the professions. And these people deserve, for the vast amounts of energy they expend, the ideas they propagate, and the growth they so frequently and dramatically contribute to the products and services of American business, as well as to American business itself, a professional status equal at least to those of the lawyer, the architect, and the engineer. Such status is not to be had by loud demands for the acknowledgment of creative omniscience by all too many of advertising's creative geniuses, but through the establishment and maintenance of general standards and practices that inevitably will stimulate greater confidence and respect than advertisers appear to have for their advertising agencies today. If this happens, and it should, the present period will be worth all the confusion and uncertainty it has caused.

—WALTER WEIR.

Public Relations



The Shifting Social Structure

Involvement in day-to-day operations and other immediate problems of running a large business often have prevented chief executive officers from taking stock of the environment in which industry is conducted. And their public relations directors, limited by the nuts and bolts of their departments, have tended not to notice that the climate of opinion has been changing rapidly.

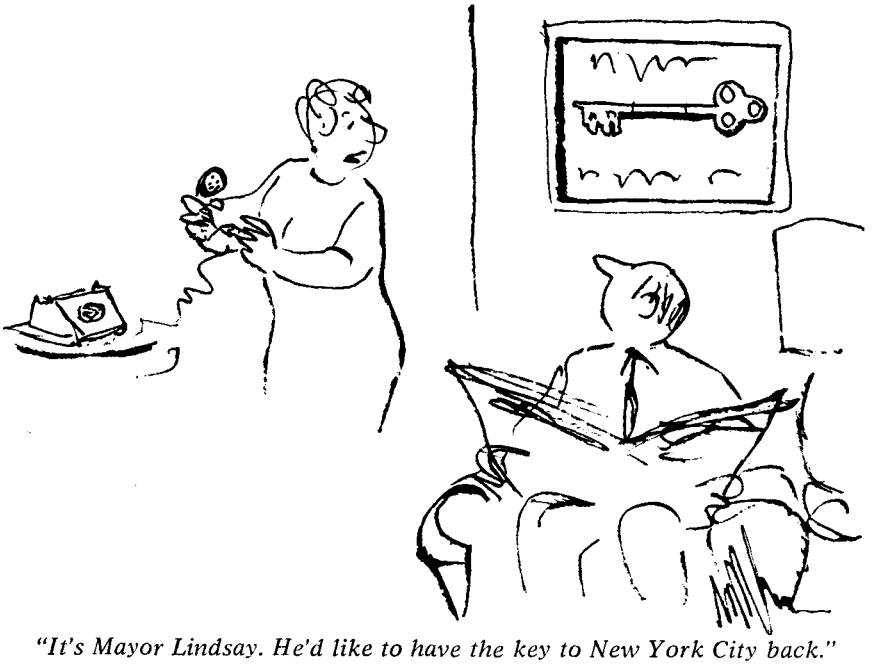
Since business' failure to adjust to social change can have serious and even catastrophic effects on profitability, a look at the context in which industry is conducted is vital. Many of the changes in the nation's social structure are being ignored by too large a sector of major industry. The development of consumerism, rapid urbanization, the demand of the inner cities, the black revolt, student unrest, our overall national cynicism—all affect business directly.

It is obvious that the Seventies will be more difficult than the late Sixties, for the cork of stability is out of the bottle, and it ought to be clear that there is no forcing it back in. Large corporations, which need stability to thrive, as do all large institutions, are not going to have much of it for a long time to come. Unless business is prepared to study the changes in the structure of our society and develop the means of adjusting to these changes, there is clear danger of serious damage to the fundamental basis on which business is built.

A look at two developments should make it clear how sharp these changes will be. One is the series of Supreme Court decisions, beginning with *Baker vs. Carr* in 1962, that ensure that one man's vote is equal to any other man's vote. The other is the Voting Rights Act of 1965. A consideration of both is useful.

Former Chief Justice Earl Warren has said that the most important decision of his term involved the doctrine of one-man-one-vote. The impact of that decision can in time radically alter the whole political structure of the country. The cities are establishing their power, and, of course, urban legislators are more attuned to the demands of their voters. The city voter is a consumer. The price of gasoline is his concern, not the problems of exploring for oil, or building refineries, or nationalism in developing countries. The urban Congressman, therefore, is more interested in what his voters are saying to him than in what the oil companies are worried about.

There is more and more consumer legislation than ever before because



"It's Mayor Lindsay. He'd like to have the key to New York City back."

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the voter wants it, and, whether business likes it or not, the public is sovereign. There is little doubt that fact has caught up with theory. *Baker vs. Carr* has speeded the change.

The Voting Rights Act has had its greatest effect in those states that had consistently barred blacks from getting on the voting rolls. Since that law was passed there have been key changes in the South. According to Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP, "In the South alone Negro voter registration has jumped from a 1964 figure of 1,463,333 to a 1968 total of 3,112,000. Some 479 Negroes hold elective offices in eleven states of the Old Confederacy." This means a profound change for the entire South. We may soon see anti-black politicians courting black voters. The influence of this new voter, the added power of the urban voter in the North, and the emphasis on the consumer can spell major legislative changes.

The importance to business is clear enough. How successfully business adjusts to these accelerating changes will depend on how business is accepted by the public. It will no longer be enough for management to work with key members of Congress with the assurance that what business wants it will get. Congressmen will become less willing to risk re-election, even if they feel business' case has merit, if there isn't acceptance among the voters.

It will be more important than ever to gain public approval, for unless it does, legislative bodies will not heed business' voice. If Congressmen are to vote for a bill that may help solve a business problem, the public will first have to be convinced that the bill is in the public's interest, not just that of business.

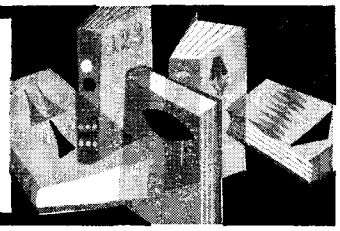
American capitalism has survived because it has been able to adjust to changing conditions. It has been realistic and left ideologies to the ideologues and developed new ways to meet public demands, moving to meet the social needs of the nation, while preserving the profit system. The shifting social structure is not going to wait until the executive finds time to see how it affects his business. It is an urgent call on his time and talents, and his future depends on how he responds.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 h, *Gone with the Wind*; 2g, *Winnie the Pooh*; 3e, *Danny Deever*; 4i, *Cask of Amontillado*; 5j, *Tortilla Flat*; 6b, *Robinson Crusoe*; 7a, *Don Juan*; 8c, *Crime and Punishment*; 9d, *Notre Dame de Paris*; 10 f, *Darkness at Noon*.

Books in Communications



Saying It Plainly

Beginning on page 58 of his autobiography, *With All Its Faults* (Little, Brown, $6.95), advertising man Fairfax M. Cone presents his five rules for successful advertising. Four pages later he is done. The instructions seem expected, transparently simply, almost trite, and Mr. Cone concludes: "This is all I know about making advertising." Why read further?

The reason, of course, is Cone himself. And, of course, that isn't all he tells. Experience and character write their own necessary rules. The much discussed industry is redefined in the terms of his own notably successful practice. "Most of the copywriters in the Lord & Thomas office spent restless hours trying to decide how to say something brightly and catchily," he writes. "I spent my time deciding what to say, then saying it as plainly as I could."

This is a plain-spoken book, forthright, cognizant of its preconceptions, honest in its self-appraisals, critical where it sees fault—as with the irresponsibility of some television executives. For most of his career Cone was based in Chicago, although his first big job was as manager of Albert Lasker's pioneering Lord & Thomas agency in San Francisco in 1939, and Lasker, employing ruses Cone describes with color and amusement, got him to New York briefly against his will in the early 1940s. In 1942 Lasker engineered Cone's move to Chicago to take over the big Pepsodent account, and there he stayed. Lasker is a vivid figure in Cone's story. So are George Washington Hill, Joyce Hall of Hallmark Cards, Herbert Johnson of Johnson's Wax, and other giant retailers who had something more to sell than just their products. Lasker's retirement and the discontinuance of Lord & Thomas provided Cone and two associates, Emerson Foote in New York and Don Belding in San Francisco, with a fortuitous opening. In 1943 Foote, Cone & Belding came into being, organizationally bestriding the country.

In some passages Cone's book suffers from the inevitable triviality of advertising's choicest products. So much Kool-Aid and Kool-Shake. In a volume business, the bigger the agency the less interesting the product is apt to be, except to those on the billing end. I think, too, Mr. Cone suffers from adman's myopia when he blames tasteless advertising on "the permissiveness of our times and the crudeness that filters into advertising from books, movies, plays, and television entertainment where no subject is too intimate or delicate to be exploited for laughs or for tears." That's putting the cart of commerce before the horse of art.

Nevertheless, Cone completely spares us the jargon of the trade and upholds for advertising the highest standards consistent with mass appeal. He is stern about television executives and plumps manfully for a magazine concept of television advertising so that control of program content will rest exclusively with the broadcaster. Trained by Lasker, Cone looks back on a lush period of expansion. He offers some sensible guidelines for the future (see "Memo to Tomorrow's Madison Avenue," *SR*, Oct. 11). The book presents both his testament and his credo as well as the solid life of a man of remarkable accomplishment in his own profession.

Video Blackboard: In his slim volume *Towards a Visual Culture* (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, $4.95), Caleb Gattegno expresses the enormous educative possibilities of television. Egyptian-born and new to television (he bought his first set in 1966), Gattegno reacts freshly to its potential. It is precisely in education, he feels, that television may have its greatest contribution to make, and already, as we know, generations of television-exposed children are growing up more aware of the world before they ever reach school than the next twelve years in the classroom will make them. Properly used, the television screen can become a lively and versatile blackboard on which learning

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symbols in language and mathematics can be flashed with controlled frequency and repetitiveness. Swifter than the hand-held chalk are the graphics in the camera's lens.

Gattegno has an interesting analysis of the hold television commercials, for example, have on children: "It is the only type of material that gives a child an opportunity to test whether his mind can exhaust the content of a complex situation." Many of Gattegno's philosophical observations come sharply into focus in the major new television program for pre-school-age children, *Sesame Street*, which is produced this season by the Children's Television Workshop after more than a year of research that paralleled Gattegno's intuitive findings. The program comes out as positive demonstration of many of his most interesting hypotheses.

The Church's Raised Voice: Not many church officials, certainly not those who are grappling with complex urban problems, still accept the sufficiency of the simple old formulation of pulpit-to-congregation communication. The effectiveness of the Sunday preacher long since has ceased to be a valid measure of the voice of the church. The medium has indeed changed "the old-time message." Thus is it put rather neatly, in *Television-Radio-Film for Churchmen*, edited by B. F. Jackson, Jr. (Abingdon Press, $6.50). Still, it is surprising to find so sophisticated and comprehensive a text as is this one laid out especially for churchmen. The book offers both historical and technical information on the media and even examines some of the politics of broadcasting. One interesting conclusion the book reaches is that increasing dependence on the mass media will further ecumenicalism simply because denominational broadcasting is "as wasteful and self-defeating as denominationalism itself in our time." The book contains an annotated list of available feature films, with notes on the major modern directors, and a list of sources of screen materials for education.

Also Noted: *Write to the Point* by John Stahr (Macmillan, $5.95), with an introduction by L. L. L. Golden, is a clever, entertaining style book put together initially for internal use by Carl Byoir & Associates, Inc., and therefore rich in the vocabulary of public relations, which it aims to purify, but also a useful review for anyone who wishes to be persuasive in print. . . . *An Executive's Primer on Public Relations* by John F. Budd, Jr. (Chilton, $5.95), is a comprehensive, schematic explanation of the plausible goals of a public relations program and how to achieve them, again as seen by a top Carl Byoir executive whose leadership approach mirrors the authority of his firm in this field. —STUART W. LITTLE.

"Now don't go practicing your sophistry on me!"

Communications Letters

Continued from page 58

or read. Or perhaps the speaker or the writer of an article does not have the intelligence to know what he wants to say or doesn't know how to say it. Hence, the analyst must come forward to tell him what the speaker said, what he meant to say, and what he meant by what he meant to say.

Friendly states: "What the Vice President of the United States is attempting to do is create doubts in the minds of the American public about the motivation and background of those charged with the responsibility of trying to understand and explain these complicated and sensitive controversies." Then on the same page is a quotation from Ed Klauber that ends thus: "and it is the analysts' function to help the listener to understand, to weigh, and to judge, but not to do the judging for him." How does the quotation about Mr. Agnew's "attempting to do" level with the Klauber philosophy?

It seems to be the unique inherent right and responsibility for those in the news media to dissent and to criticize. This is interpretive reporting. But if the Vice President assumes the right of dissent then he is advocating censorship and intimidation. However, the millions who applauded Mr. Agnew's speech seem to indicate that there are those who feel competent "to understand, to weigh, and to judge" the facts in the news, and prefer not to have someone do the judging for them. The reaction of members of the news media makes it unnecessary for Mr. Agnew to offer further proof of his accusations. They have demonstrated his thesis.

H. GLENN AYRE,
Macomb, Ill.

Musical Chairs on Mad Ave

WALTER WEIR has put his finger squarely on a fundamental problem on Madison Avenue when he states [*SR*, Dec. 13] that "during the first six months of 1969 alone accounts billing in excess of $300-million changed hands." Though, as Mr. Weir says, this incessant shifting of accounts has become an accepted part of the agency business, it has also made for abysmal public relations among the personnel who work along Madison Avenue. Obviously, fewer and fewer intelligent young people will want to cast their lot with a business in which the shifting of one advertising account tomorrow morning may well mean their summary dismissal. It is hardly surprising, then, that advertising agencies are, as Weir points out, as far down the preference list as places of employment among new college graduates as coal mining or the ministry. The advertising business is also the only one I know of that boasts in the daily advertising columns of its greatest weakness—the game of musical chairs.

HENRY J. FREYLIGER,
New York, N.Y.

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Joshua B. Powers, Inc.

Continued from page 61

Chinese newspaper office whose compositors work from racks of fonts containing no fewer than 14,000 different Mandarin characters. Shober reduced the usable characters to 3,000; he then devised an ingenious automation method for handling these characters on a four-digit, tape-punching machine. Just as he completed his system with a fine, Mandarin-like stroke of the pen, the Japanese came up with a better method. By utilizing cathode ray composition, they found a way to accommodate all 14,000 characters. Shober accepted defeat gracefully, informing all his Far Eastern clients of the Japanese discovery, and turning over to the Japanese, gratis, the design of his own superior ten-digit manual keyboard. He is philosophical about the episode. "In the end, what is best for Asia will be good for us," he says.

As the growth of Powers was an organic process, so too the alliance between Powers and Shober seemed a natural one. "We built up customers for our technology in Latin America and Spain, and there was this marvelous, straightforward man—Powers—with his great reputation for printed services in that whole area. It was a natural alliance."

The actual merger came about with the assistance of a third substantial interest—the Evening Post Publishing Company of Charleston, South Carolina, headed by Peter Manigault. Manigault is an old college friend of Shober's, who has the same breadth of interest. One day last year, they were walking together down a street in Buenos Aires. They had just decided to buy the English-language Buenos Aires *Herald* with a circulation of 16,000. A few steps later, they thought of Powers. Manigault today is vice chairman of Joshua B. Powers, Inc.

In the future, they hope to acquire more newspapers, especially those that have not yet heard the message of automation. They have a firm base in the Powers company. They are skilled in handling news and in printing it. Their contacts stretch around the world. In Shober, they have an energetic executive who is both optimistic and daring. He has a plane and is willing to travel. And he shows every sign of being able to keep Powers moving into widening spheres of intercommunication.

The Brothers Dorsey

Continued from page 53

he found Sinatra it was even worse. You know the terrible Sinatra commotion."

He paused. "Tommy's kid was on the Princeton football team. Tommy'd been booked all over the place on those goddamned one-nighters we had to play, but one Saturday afternoon Bruv had off and he went down to the game to see the boy play. The boy was second string. There was old Bruv, sitting in those awful stands, waiting for the kid to come on.

"Right next to him was an Old Grad. The blanket, the Tiger pennant, the Thermos jug of gin. Tommy was leaning forward, trying to pick out the kid, my nephew, on the bench. Three quarters went by and no Dorsey in the game. By now Tommy's beginning to sweat. Finally, about the middle of the fourth quarter, the loudspeaker said, *'And now, going in at halfback, Thomas Dorsey, Jr.'* The Old Grad was not too bagged to hear this. He took a hard squint at Bruv. He said, 'What fraternity do you belong to? I mean your son. What fraternity he's pledged to?' "

"I don't know," Jimmy quoted Tommy as replying.

"What do you mean, 'I don't know'?" the Old Grad asked, testily.

"I just don't know," Tommy said.

"Come on, what fraternity is he in?"

"Look," said Tommy, trying to keep his eyes on Thomas III, on the field, eagerly watching his boy's performance, "I just don't know. What's it to you? Why *should* I know?"

The Old Grad then became the Permanent Established Old Grad of All Time. He was indignant. Indeed, he was incensed. "I've got all *your records*," he said.

Tommy broke up, and Jimmy used to break up when telling this story about Bruv. It must have been Mrs. Theresa Dorsey who gave them the spirit they had. Or perhaps it was the original Thomas, the father. I do not know. I knew both boys, and I knew their mother. I cannot think of three people outside my family I ever felt warmer toward. I cannot think of two brothers who gave more to American jazz, and extended it more, than the two men from Shenandoah. On the telephone, Josephine Tuminia, who is now working as manager of a dress shop in San Mateo, California, summed it up. "Those two men did a lot to bridge the gap," she said.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 60: eras, ares, ears, sear.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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(Continued on page 70)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 69)

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PERSONALS

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(Continued from page 71)

CAMPS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1367

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Delibes opera	7 10 20 75 86
B. Bring about	92 94 105 114 142 161 169 176 186 190
C. Zealous; pronounced	207 3 5 12 83 95 103 108
D. Use, service	111 129 201 78 82 215
E. Where Peter Coffin's Spouter-Inn was (2 wds, "Moby Dick")	24 30 130 170 179 183 197 199 17 44
F. Block, check	46 52 11 166 193 208
G. Carrion	213 59 70 96 120
H. Glory, aura	133 152 175 123 181 19
I. Mollify; alleviate	31 38 54 66 73 100
J. Chief naval station of W. Canada	116 139 28 62 74 200 42 121 126
K. Shrew; Socrates' wife	107 122 182 205 127 216 21 37 50
L. Warmly attached	102 79 80 117 173 177 206 22 35 45 69 132
M. "I am constant as the ———," says Caesar. (2 wds.; "Julius Caesar")	194 34 58 84 134 137 155 210 51 97 165 180
N. Roundabout procedure	8 16 25 67 90 99

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Hard nuts to crack	138 141 29 61 149 158 163 164
P. Contemporary American poet ("Shakespeare in Harlem", etc.)	187 49 89 189 26 36
Q. Drawing out	64 144 217 4 13 32 39 55 195
R. Light paper screen used as a partition or door in Japan	56 2 71 171 23
S. Under construction (3 wds.)	88 40 175 15 77 151 124 185 47 101
T. Torrent	43 53 191 147 202 91 209
U. Fantastically ugly or absurd	136 203 143 212 156 168 48 109 135
V. Agile; supple	145 106 1 131 159
W. Noel Coward's "blithe spirit"	150 153 157 6 110 204
X. Chary	198 211 98 140 60 57 68 93
Y. Voracious shark	162 18 9 214 184 63 85 188 119 27
Z. Sturdy fabric used in men's suits and coats (2 wds.)	33 72 65 115 113 14 160 167 172 104
Z^1 Advocate of progressive or revolutionary change	154 146 87 41 128 76 178
Z^2 Solicitous, covetous	192 148 112 218 81 196 125 118

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

■	■	1 V	2 R	3 C	■	4 Q	5 C	6 W	7 A	8 N	■	9 Y	10 A	11 F	■	12 C	13 Q
14 Z	15 S	16 N	17 E	■	18 Y	19 H	20 A	■	21 K	22 L	23 R	24 E	25 N	26 P	27 Y	■	28 J
29 O	30 E	31 I	32 Q	33 Z	34 M	35 L	36 P	■	37 K	38 I	39 Q	40 S	41 Z^1	■	42 J	43 T	44 E
■	45 L	46 F	47 S	■	48 U	49 P	50 K	51 M	52 F	53 T	54 I	55 Q	56 R	■	57 X	58 M	■
59 G	60 X	61 O	62 J	63 Y	64 Q	■	65 Z	66 I	■	67 N	68 X	69 L	■	70 G	71 R	72 Z	■
73 I	74 J	75 A	76 Z^1	77 S	78 D	79 L	■	80 L	81 Z^2	82 D	83 C	■	84 M	85 Y	86 A	■	87 Z^1
88 S	89 P	90 N	91 T	92 B	93 X	■	94 B	95 C	96 G	97 M	98 X	99 N	100 I	101 S	■	102 L	103 C
104 Z	■	105 B	106 V	107 K	108 C	109 U	110 W	111 D	112 Z^2	■	113 Z	114 B	■	115 Z	116 J	117 L	118 Z^2
■	119 Y	120 G	121 J	■	122 K	123 H	124 S	125 Z^2	126 J	■	127 K	128 Z^1	129 D	■	130 E	131 V	132 L
133 H	■	134 M	135 U	■	136 U	137 M	138 O	139 J	■	140 X	141 O	■	142 B	143 U	144 Q	145 V	146 Z^1
147 T	148 Z^2	■	149 O	150 W	■	151 S	152 H	153 W	154 Z^1	■	155 M	156 U	157 W	158 O	159 V	160 Z	■
161 B	162 Y	163 O	■	164 O	165 M	166 F	167 Z	■	168 U	169 B	170 E	171 R	172 Z	173 L	174 S	■	175 H
176 B	177 L	178 Z^1	179 E	180 M	■	181 H	182 K	183 E	184 Y	185 S	■	186 B	187 P	188 Y	■	189 P	190 B
191 T	192 Z^2	193 F	194 M	195 Q	■	196 Z^2	197 E	■	198 X	199 E	200 J	201 D	202 T	203 U	204 W	205 K	206 L
207 C	208 F	■	209 T	210 M	211 X	212 U	213 G	214 Y	215 D	■	216 K	_	217 Q	218 Z^2	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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